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THE SPHERE, JUNE 21, 1947
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXIX No. 2472 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — JUNE 21 1947

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Volume CLXXXIX No. 2472 The SPHERE, London, June 21, 1947

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

PRINCESS ELIZABETH ATTENDS THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR—HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, IN A MILITARISED RIDING HABIT AND SEATED SIDE-SADDLE, LEAVING BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: The Princess, who rode with the King and the Duke of Gloucester, is Honorary Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. In her cap she wore the insignia of the Regiment

From the day when the Pope blessed the Standard which William the Conqueror bore at Hastings, the King's Colour has always been a rallying-point for the King's men, and gradually evolved from that incident is the wonderful ritual now employed by the Guards when Trooping the Colour on the Monarch's birthday—a ritual which makes it England's most brilliant display of military pageantry. Last week the ceremony was one of more than usual brilliance, and when it became known that Princess Elizabeth was to accompany her father to the Horse Guards Parade more than usually large crowds for the occasion gathered in the Mall. The Princess's militarised riding habit aroused considerable interest, and it was revealed after the ceremony that her cap, with the Guards' peak and the insignia of the Regiment, was of the King's designing. Actual pictures of the Trooping of the Colour ceremony, and other Royal events, will be found in the centre of this issue

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 1½d

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Price of Paradise.—

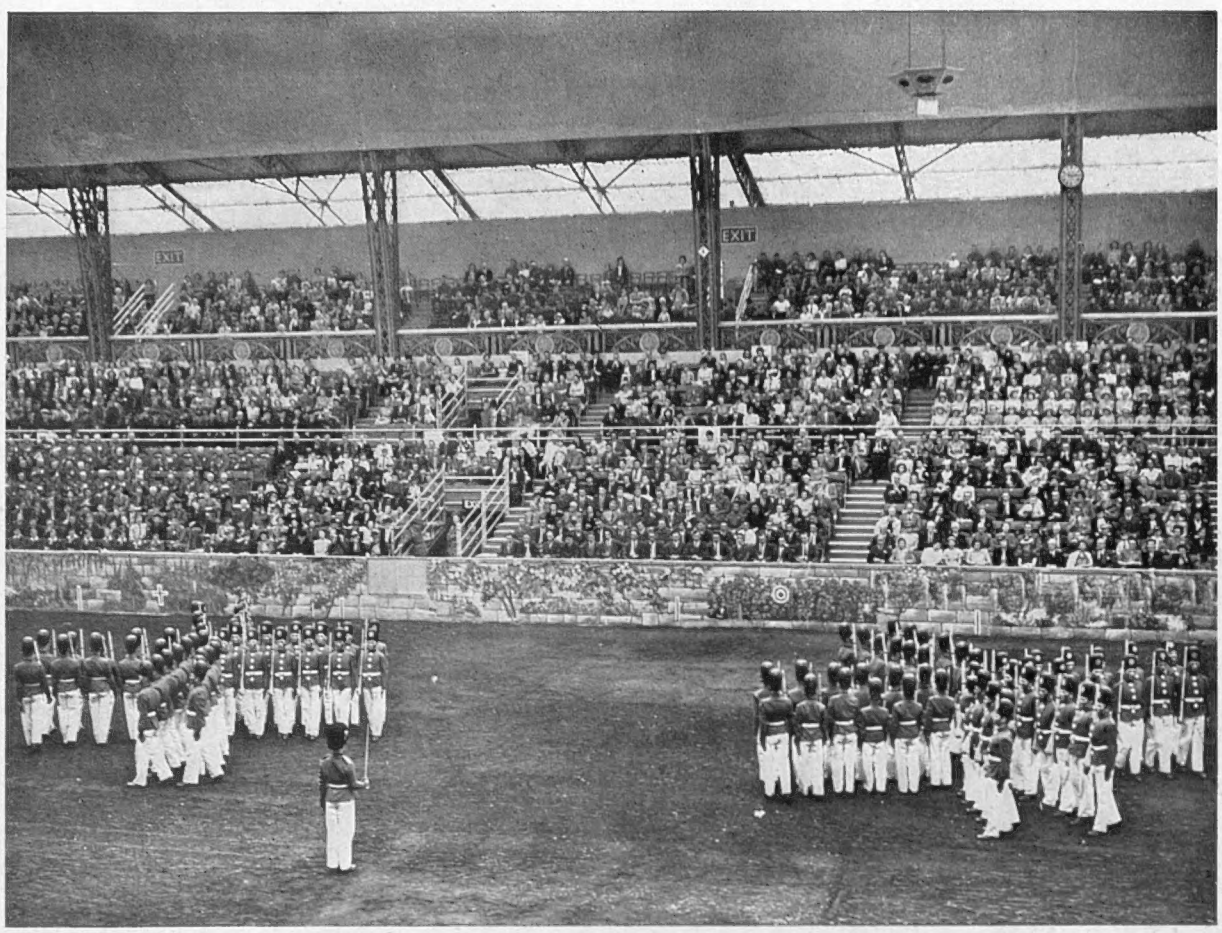
Coals to Newcastle at £8 a ton. Coals bought with the American loan. I am not surprised that Mr. Shinwell himself does not like the idea, and having regard to his latest optimistic target prophecy, the idea is rather like a hedge. And if Mr. Shinwell, a notable buyer with public funds of famous mansions for Coal Board officials "who are accustomed to live in fine houses," dislikes the idea, how much more must you and I and the housewives dislike the idea of paying twice (as well as thrice) pre-war prices for whatever trickle of chalk and slack will come our way this winter under the name of coal. Upon my soul, it is an odd time for Ministers to choose to insult the housewife. For what is she if not doubly related to the ranks of the workers, a ten-hour-a-day worker herself and the wife and mother of workers? And as she works, she notes that the higher the wages her menfolk earn, and the shorter their hours of work, the higher grow the costs of everything she needs, and the shorter the supply. Those among the Socialist Government who have no notion of good manners (and they are many) find the best form of defence in attack with gutter mud. Those who possess some idea of conventional good manners and political sense (and they are few) begin to woo the housewife, whose votes are worth angling for even by gorged and triumphant fishermen. The housewife is concerned with the price of things, and her glance at current price-lists can hardly give her satisfaction or confidence in the present Government. For frightful as prices are for almost all she needs to-day, and frightful as is the shortage of supply, she is given no hope of any coming reduction in prices or increase in supply. On the contrary, she is told with insults to get on with her job and to expect worse conditions. Surely, she needs no subsidy from the Tories to bribe her to stage a protest. She may even feel that the keen price of Paradise induces nostalgia for an ancient Hell.

The Fuel Crisis . . . And I.

—I read with the utmost care the pamphlet sent me by the Ministry of Fuel and Power, showing me how to save fuel. It gave me a number of tips as to how to read my gas and my electricity meters, and it *begged me to build up my winter stocks of coal.* Most helpful, of course. But possibly this beautifully-worded missive would have hit other targets than mine more nearly to the bull. For I am not on the mains for electricity or gas, and not likely to be so in a decade; and I have been so far refused any permit to stock even half-a-ton of winter hard fuels. My electricity (such as it is) comes from crude oil, not from coal, and my coal-cellar (despite the Minister's urgent prayer to me to stock up for winter) remains as empty as most of his promises, in default of any permit. In other respects, his pamphlet is unexceptionable. It can be used for a variety of humble purposes or sent to salvage. For there is a paper shortage except in Government circles.

Hotels and Heating: Tourist Amenities.—

Grim, indeed, appears the plight of scores of hotels which cater for winter visitors, in the South-West of England especially. I can think of several of my acquaintances who booked rooms in such hotels last winter and fled home to their own empty hearths after sticking out the cold for two or three days. If this next winter their coal allocation is to be cut by 30 per cent. or more (and the public will be wise to the cut), many of those establishments will find it cheaper to close than to advertise for custom. I confess I do not share the official view that all is set fair for a great tourist expansion year, summer or winter. It may be that privileged persons ought not, in our austerity age, to run away to luxury hotels for winter relief. But summer holidays are encouraged even by austerity-mongers in the Government—and facilities do not appear to keep pace with encouragements. That Scottish holiday, for example! I referred recently to the price of rail transport for one small car to Nairn and back, £62. The fuel officers refuse any extra petrol for road travel and your "basic" won't get you halfway *there.* Here (to make your mouth water) is an exact budget of a Grand Tour in 1938, from a correspondent: "I have had several trips, and have kept records of costs, so in case it may interest you, or any of your friends, I give below a brief summary of our last trip which covers a period from June 15 to July 21, 1938. My wife and I put our 12-h.p. Wolseley saloon car in a G.W. Railway van at Taunton Station on the evening of June 14 and booked it to Carlisle, cost, £4 6s. 4d. On the 15th we took two first-class tickets to Carlisle, cost £7 3s. 4d., collected the car that evening, and drove to Sark Bridge Hotel for the night. Hotel bill, 15s. 6d. Next morning drove to Stranraer, booked on the boat to Larne, slept on board and had breakfast, return fare, cost £6 9s. Spent fourteen days at Carrick-a-Rede Hotel, Ballintoy; hotel bill, £13 12s. Toured Antrim, mountains and glens, etc. Returned to Stranraer and drove to Lochernhead Hotel, Perthshire; stayed six days: bill, £8 13s. 6d. Drove to Grantown-on-Spey, Gordon Hotel, seven days: bill, £9 9s.; drove to Royal Hotel, Galashiels, one night: bill, £1 11s. 6d.; drove to Hop Pole Hotel, Allerton, one night: bill, £1 5s.; drove to Arden Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, five nights: bill, £10 5s. 6d. Drove home to Taunton. Total mileage by car, 2,767 miles, at 27 miles per gallon. Petrol cost, £8 6s. Total cost of travelling only £71 16s. 8d. for two of us for five weeks. There were, of course, other incidentals, theatres, sightseeing, etc., but the above were the essentials. All the hotels were comfortable, and mostly first-class. I tremble to think what the costs would be to-day, but from your remarks on rail costs, I fear we shall not be able to tour Scotland again, and shall have to be content with the West of England." What do you estimate the cost of that tour would be to-day if you could secure the amenities listed? £250?



THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AGAIN — THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE, AND SOME NEW THRILLS IN THE OLYMPIA ARENA: A display by boys of the Royal Army Apprentices' School during the preview of the Tournament held on June 11 in the presence of the Secretary of State for War and an audience of Chelsea Pensioners, schoolboys, schoolgirls, members of the Forces and their families. Among the favourite items on the programme in pre-war years was the Royal Naval field-gun competition, while the latest novelty, and perhaps the most spectacular feature of the show, was a Commando raid. Trick-riding by the Army Remount and Veterinary Services and physical training by the Royal Air Force were also included in the programme

Priestley's Paradise.—

J. B. Priestley is my Broadcaster No. 1. But what sort of a *Socialist* is he? Surely a serpent in Socialism's bosom. For all his broadcast *hates* belong to to-day when Socialism rules with an iron hand, and all his loves belong to bad old Capitalistic yesterdays. Those sevenpenny Yorkshire teas, for example; those days when everybody had a song in the heart and a belly full of crumpets and raspberry jam. It was clear as paint that he accused Socialism, and not World Wars, of robbing us of these blessings (not entirely with justice). He was on surer ground when he accused science and mechanical inventions of being the *fons et origo* of most of our present discontents. Who doubts it? Who but a handful of robots and speed fiends sees any human advantages or advances in rocketing to New York and back in a matter of hours? But surely Socialism (save in the matter of legislation) is a retarding, not a quickening, force in human life. Under its ægis, we steadily drift back to cave-man existence.

International Horse Show.

—This famous fixture takes place at the White City Stadium, July 7 to 11. Is the horse extinct as the dodo? The answer is supplied all over England in the present demand for pony clubs, horse shows, hunter trials, point-to-points. . . . Is there any show so pretty, so thrilling, so inspiring as the International Horse Show, with its features to suit all tastes? The star days will be July 9 and 11. The Royal family will attend on the afternoon of the 9th the individual international jumping for the George V Cup. The team jumping is on the final day, July 11. Europe is sick and the machine age rampant, but Continental *manège* survives, and the horse is alive—and (kicking or) jumping; and there is no sight more dear to English eyes. Take France as a test case. She has had troubles enough to kill the toughest. But the French horse has survived, with nobs on. In England, we tolled the bell for the horse in 1840, again in 1914, and finally in 1939. But the horse laughed, and will be jumping for joy on July 7 again.

Interest in Gardens.—

I guarantee that all records in my own county are likely to be this year broken in the receipts from the gardens scheme for nursing. More gardens, big and small, have joined in than ever before, and the tiniest gardens have reaped the pre-war harvests of quite famous gardens. The interest which nowadays young and old take in horticulture is remarkable. People study the lists and come from great distances, in organised bus-loads, on bicycles, on foot, often "on spec," for no one can guarantee the aptness of their date chosen months ahead. This year visitors have seldom been disappointed in the banquet of beauty afforded by a day out in the country. And goodwill and good fellowship and knowledge are disseminated all the time. In a year or two, all that concerns nursing will, I suppose, be state-directed and supported. The volunteers will fade out, the bourgeois word "charity" will be excised. But there will still be hard cases of retired nurses who do not fit in with or qualify for Government pensions and grants. Volunteers will still be needed to help these excluded classes in the profession, and the subsidiary importance of the scheme will remain when its material *raison d'être* has ceased to exist. It will be a great pity if this pleasant method of creating neighbourliness and encouraging beauty and food-growing is allowed to die. State control is another word for soullessness, and the local horticultural officer and adviser an uninspiring substitute for the enthusiastic amateur. Hereabouts the farming outlook is good. Some of our farmers are able to ease off before hay harvest, for the ravages and hold-ups of winter have been made good by recent favourable weather, and indeed all is set for a fine harvest and most bumper fruit crops. But "easing off" is a queer word to apply to farmers at any time. There are weeds to hoe a-plenty.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ROYAL FAMILY ARRIVING AT THE CHAPEL FOR LAST SUNDAY'S SERVICE, when they visited Eton College to view the Quincentenary Exhibition : They are passing the "original" Eton schoolboys—those educated under the original college charter. On the right, in cap and gown, is Sir Henry Marten, Provost of Eton, who welcomed the Royal visitors

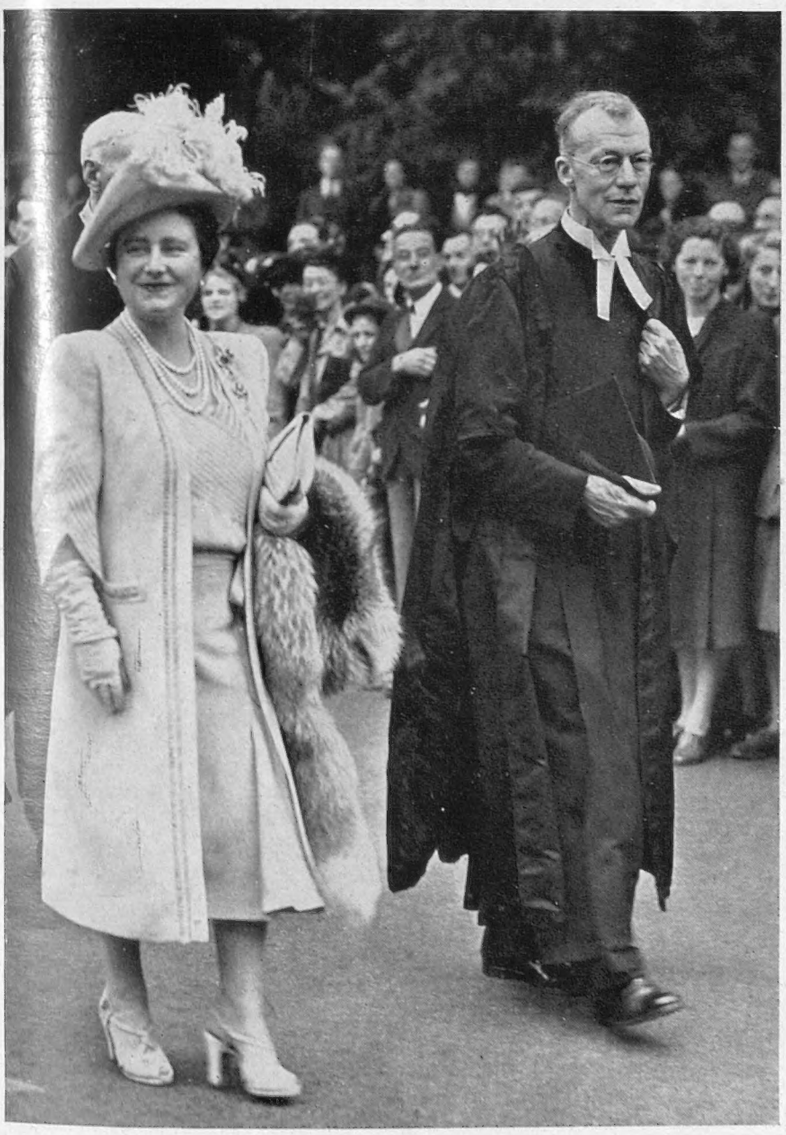
THE KING AT ETON COLLEGE

To Visit the Quincentenary Exhibition

The 500th anniversary of the laying of the foundation-stone of the Chapel at Eton by Henry VI fell in 1941. The war then made it impossible to celebrate the occasion fittingly ; but this year the Quincentenary has been commemorated by an exhibition which many Old Etonians have already visited. On Sunday last, the King and Queen and Princesses visited the College to attend service in the Chapel and to inspect the exhibitions of silver, plates, books, manuscripts and pictures. When the Royal family arrived by car from Windsor, the Royal Standard was flying over Upper School : they were received by the Provost, Vice-Provost and Headmaster. They then passed into Chapel through the ranks of Sixth Form, who lined the Cloister.

After the service (at which the preacher was the Bishop of Norwich) the Royal party passed to the arch of Lupton's Tower, where the captain of the School, the captain of the Oppidans, the captains of the Boats and of the Eleven and the President of "Pop" were presented to the King and Queen and Princesses, and where three cheers were called for by the captain of the Oppidans. The party then entered the Provost's Lodge : after refreshment in the Election Hall, the exhibitions were inspected.

Since the year 1447, only one previous Royal visit had been paid to Eton—that of King George V and Queen Mary in 1924.

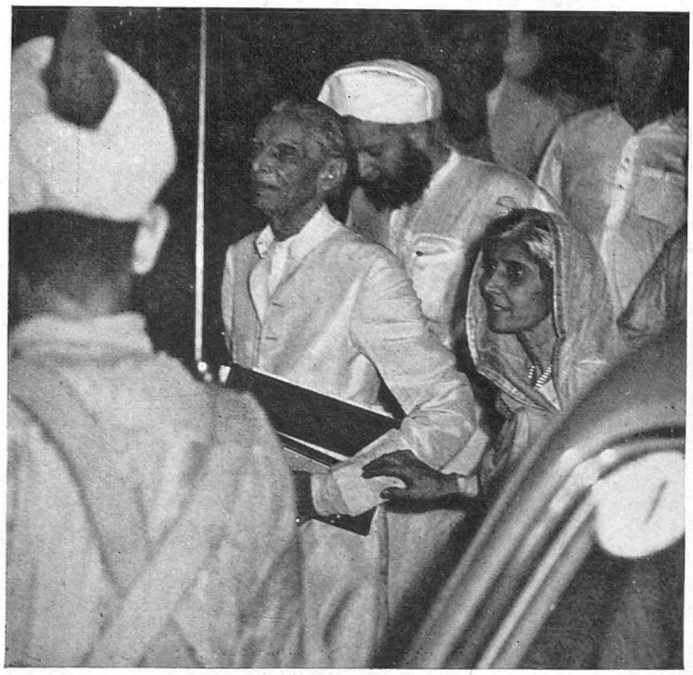


THE QUEEN BEING ESCORTED THROUGH WESTON'S YARD TO THE SCHOOL HALL TO VIEW THE QUINCENTENARY PICTURES : With her Majesty is Mr. C. A. Elliott, Headmaster of Eton. The present celebrations were postponed from the year 1941

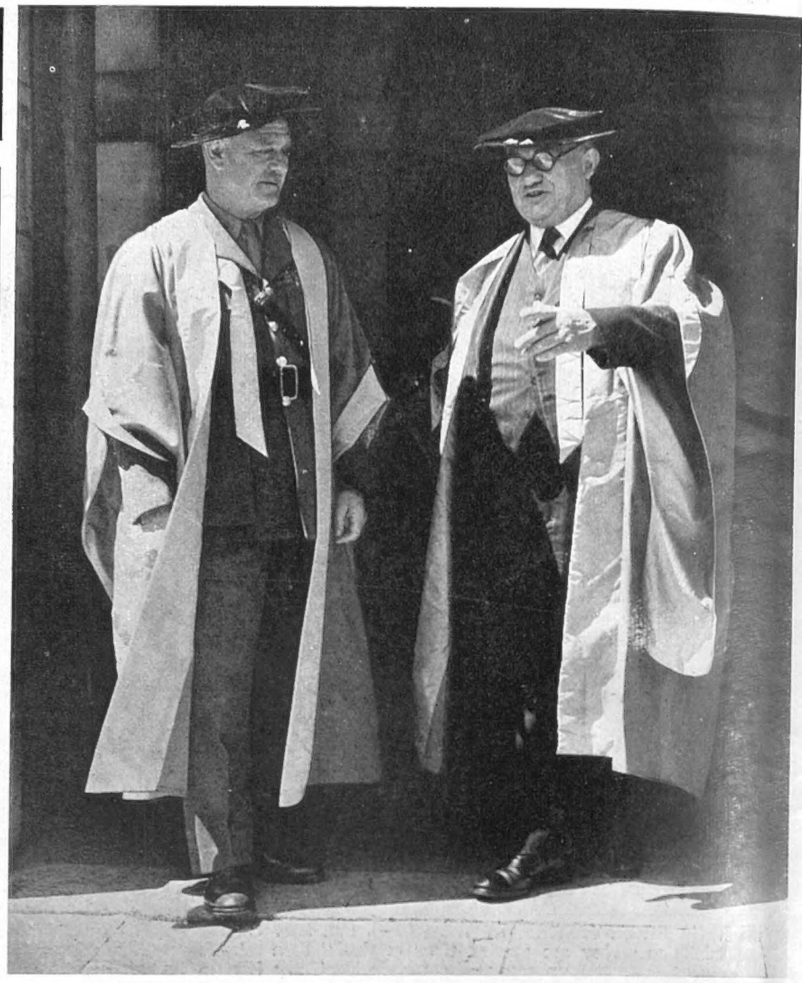
THE CAPTAIN OF THE OPPIDANS (P. C. G. STALKARTT) CALLS FOR THREE CHEERS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY : In the background of this view is the arch of historic Lupton's Tower

DR. BEVIN AND "EMPEROR" JINNAH

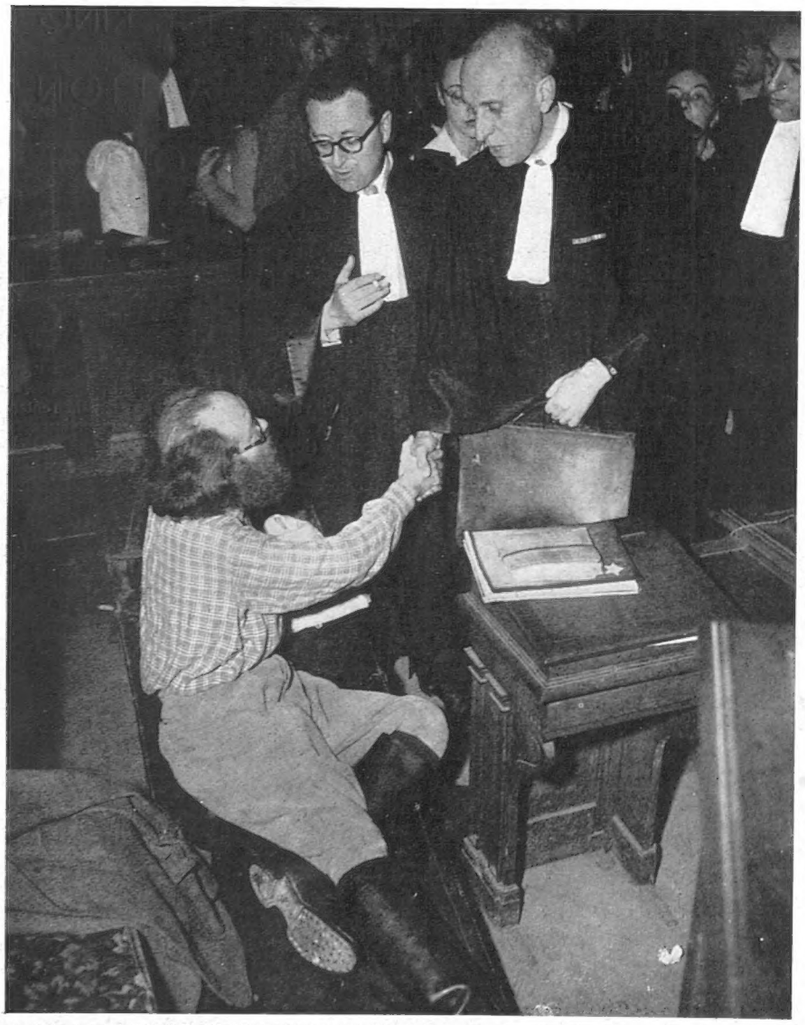
And Two Picture-Portraits from France and Austria



MR. JINNAH WITH HIS SISTER, FATIMA, LEAVES THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, NEW DELHI, SURROUNDED BY A STRONG POLICE GUARD : On arrival he had been greeted with the words "Long Live the Emperor of Pakistan." The All-India Muslim League Council accepted the British Government's "procedural plan" as a "basis for compromise" by a vote of 300 to 10. There were disorderly scenes, however, when members of a militant Islamic organisation known as Khaksars invaded the Imperial Hotel, armed with spades, and demonstrated



HONORARY DEGREES AT CAMBRIDGE FOR LORD WAVELL AND MR. ERNEST BEVIN : In their ceremonial robes after the conferment and before the luncheon in the Hall of Clare College. The Orator, Mr. W. K. C. Guthrie (Peterhouse), in presenting Lord Wavell, mentioned that he had returned to civil life as Viceroy of India, and, as an author, he had revealed his knowledge of human nature. Of Mr. Ernest Bevin, the Orator said: "Patiently and unweariedly Mr. Bevin had striven for justice and peace among the nations great and small"



A COLLABORATIONIST AT THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE : Jacques Bourin, formerly chief of the bodyguard to the infamous Marcel Deat, appears in court in bizarre costume. Accused of collaboration, Jacques Bourin went on a hunger strike for several days before appearing at the Palais de Justice. Clad in riding breeches, red and black check shirt, and jackboots, he had grown an impressive red beard by the time that he was carried into court for the second time on a stretcher. He is here seen talking with two lawyers in the Palais de Justice. He was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and the loss of civil rights. It was stated that he had, at one time, acted as chief of the bodyguard to the collaborationist, Marcel Deat. His remarkable appearance was accentuated by the posturings he adopted during the trial

GUIDO SCHMIDT ACQUITTED OF HIGH TREASON : Schuschnigg's Foreign Minister leaving an Austrian court, in Vienna, during a recess. The president of the Austrian court which acquitted Guido Schmidt of high treason said that the court were satisfied that up to 1941 he had been no friend of the Nazis and had never been active on behalf of the Nazi Party. Later, however, the Austrian Minister of the Interior announced that, on the intervention of the Socialist Party, Guido Schmidt will be indicted again because he had taken a leading part in business under the Nazis. He was a director of the Hermann Goering works in Austria, for a time, after the Anschluss, and for that reason may be prosecuted

FLYING ACROSS EAST ANGLIA—B-29 SUPER-FORTRESSES OF NO. 340 SQUADRON, UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE, ACCOMPANIED BY MOSQUITOES WHEN COMPLETING THEIR JOURNEY FROM FRANKFURT TO MARHAM AERODROME, NORFOLK: The Super-Forts have been engaged upon a week's goodwill visit to England

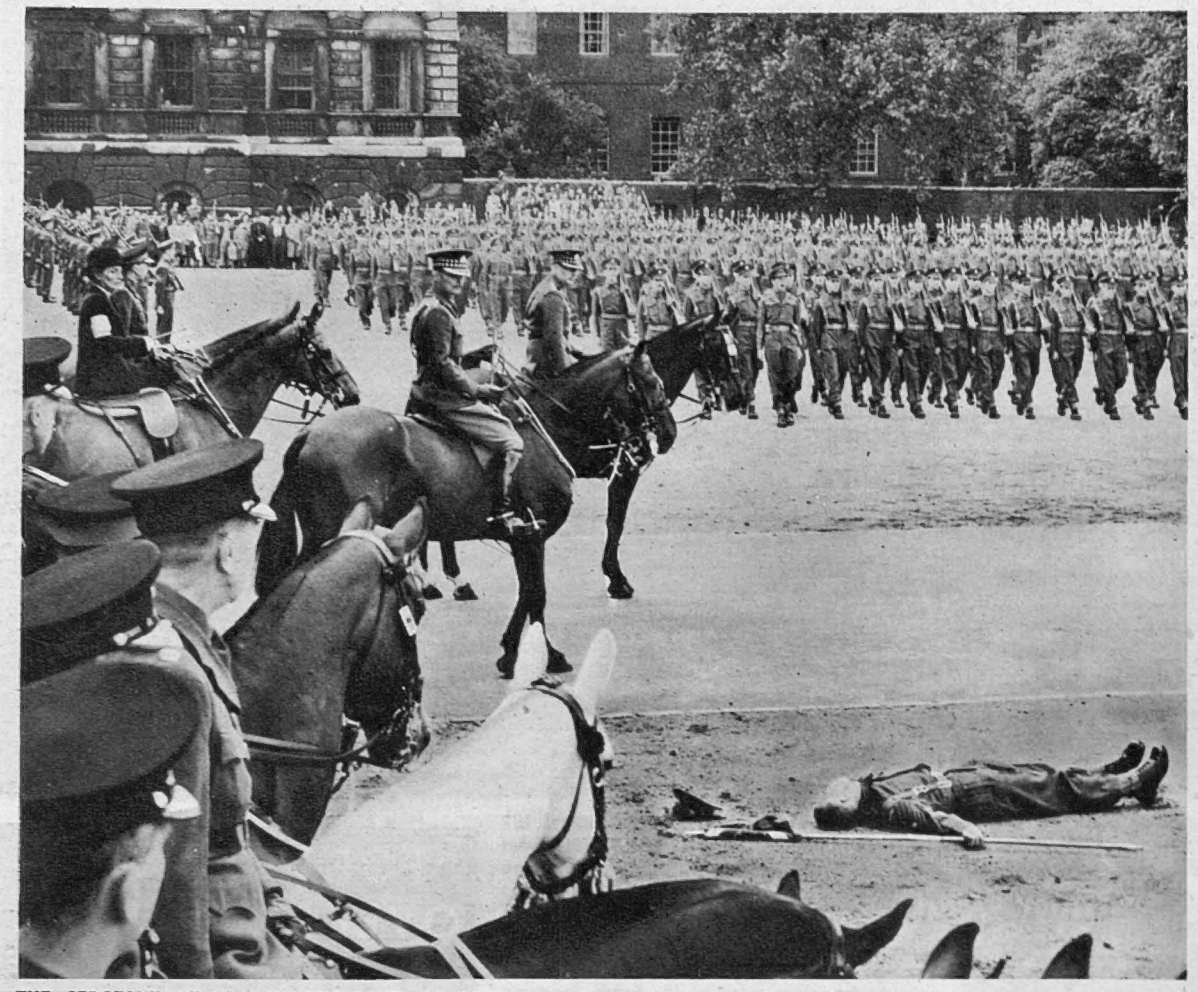
"FORTS" AGAIN OVER ENGLAND

America's Super-Bombers on a Goodwill Visit to London and the South

Throughout 1944 and the first months of 1945, as American might brought increasing weight against Germany, the Fortress Squadrons were a familiar sight, particularly over the East Anglian countryside, where many of the larger American airfields were situated. Last week many of the men who flew those Forts over Germany were back again, this time with their Super-Fortresses, the monster aircraft which, but for the intervention of the atom bomb, would have pulverised Japanese targets at the close of the Pacific war. These Super-Forts were on a goodwill mission from the American Zone of Germany, and during their stay they made a number of flights over Britain, and were seen by many holiday-makers at south coast and West Country resorts. The Super-Fortress crews were welcomed by Lord Tedder. During their stay they visited London for the Trooping of the Colour, special arrangements being made on their behalf

THE SUPER-FORTS AT PLYMOUTH: Two of the giant B-29's flying over the harbour during their tour of the southern areas of Britain. Later they flew north-west to Bristol and Swansea

OVER TOWN AND COUNTRY—THE B-29'S CRUISING ABOVE THE WEST COUNTRY AND THE SUBURBS OF LONDON: Two more pictures taken during their goodwill tour, which revived vivid memories of the closing years of the war when their younger brothers, the Fortresses, went out in their hundreds against German targets. This goodwill tour has been used by the crews of the Super-Fortresses for navigational practice and other forms of training



THE SERGEANT OF THE GUARDS WHO DROPPED IT: As the Duke of Gloucester was about to take the salute at a full-dress rehearsal by the Brigade of Guards of the Trooping of the Colour ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade, a senior N.C.O., acting as marker for the marching men, fell flat on his back in a faint. The Duke is seen turning to look at the prostrate figure who, as shown in the pictures on the right, was speedily borne away by the police. Behind the Duke of Gloucester is Mrs. Doreen Archer-Houblon, who at the rehearsal deputised for Princess Elizabeth on Kate, the police horse chosen for the Princess's use at the actual ceremony of Trooping the Colour held on June 12, the King's official birthday. Both Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret have been learning to ride side-saddle, using well-trained police horses

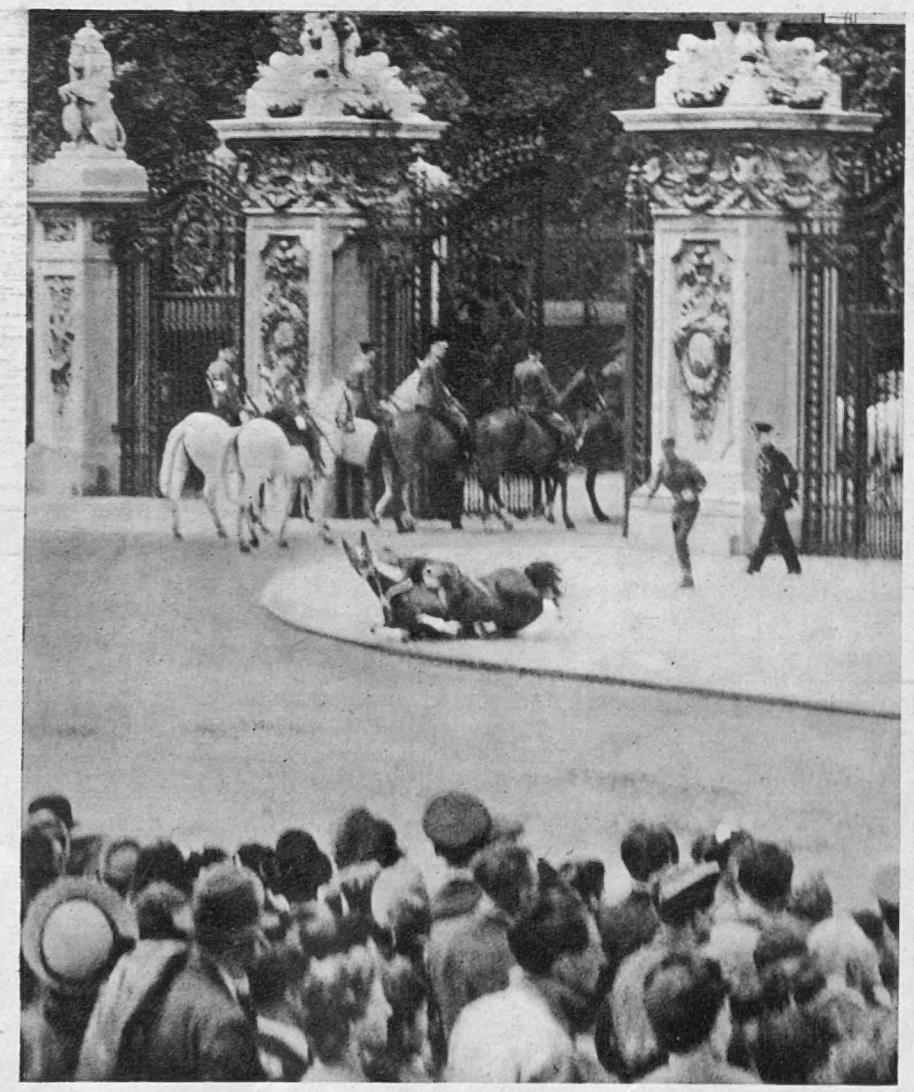
CAUGHT by the CAMERA

Incidents—Grave, Gay and Tragi-Comic—from the Home News

THE POLICE TO THE RESCUE: While the rehearsal of the Trooping of the Colour went on and the Duke of Gloucester turned his attention to the marching men, the police lifted the prostrate Sergeant who had just fainted

THE SERGEANT IS BORNE FROM THE FIELD: An officer of the Coldstreams and five members of the police force carrying the marker to the first-aid room after he had fainted at the Trooping of the Colour rehearsal

The Press cameraman, like every other worker in the land, has his full share of dull routine, the humdrum round of events. Sometimes, however, he has his reward, coming, of a sudden, upon the quaint, the unusual, and the grotesque; incidents grave or gay or tragi-comic. Here are a few of them, and they all happened in the first days of June

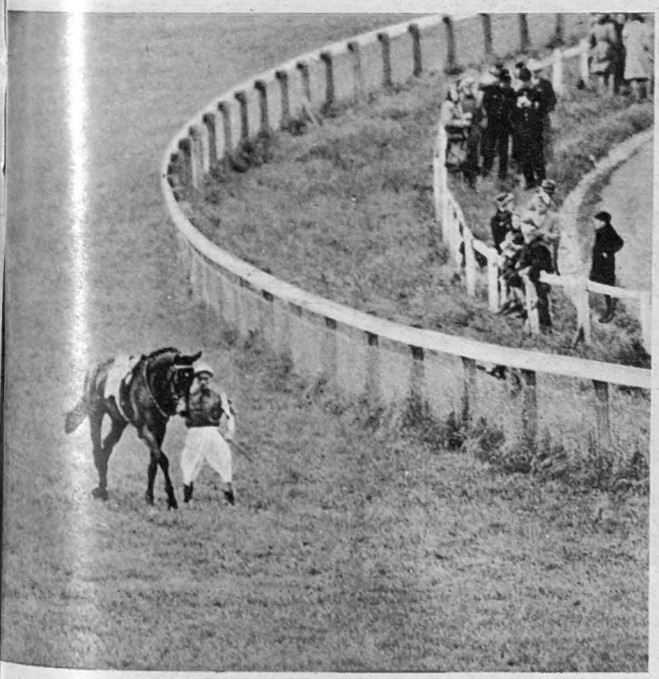


ANOTHER INCIDENT AT THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR REHEARSAL: As the Duke of Gloucester and his retinue returned to Buckingham Palace and were about to pass through the main gates, a Guards officer and his horse fell to the pavement. A Guardsman and a police inspector are seen rushing forward to lend assistance. The incident was witnessed by quite a number of people standing on the steps of the Victoria Memorial and, purely by chance, a photographer happened to be present and was quick enough to obtain this camera impression

HE FINISHED THE RACE ON FOOT: D. Baldwin was a purposeful figure as he strode up the course at Epsom during the Derby meeting in search of his mount Hereford, with whom he parted company after coming under starter's orders in the Rosebery Handicap. Baldwin was unable to catch the horse after falling, and Hereford sprinted ahead

THE FACE THAT STILL HAUNTS EUROPE—A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE HITLER ARRESTED IN THE STREETS OF WARSAW: His name is Piskorski, and when this picture was taken he had just been spotted by members of the Polish Police Force, who took him off for identification at one of the Warsaw police stations. Having established his identity and received an apology, Piskorski was allowed to go on his way

WRIST-TO-WRIST AND OFF TO CAMP AGAIN: Lance-Corporal John Pickard (wearing mufti) being escorted from his home at Leytonstone, Essex, on the way back to his barracks at Tidworth, near Aldershot. Pickard has been unable to find a home for his son, Billy, and it appears that three weeks ago he reported back to Tidworth accompanied by the boy. His commanding officer refused to admit Billy into the camp, so Pickard, in defiance of military regulations, took him back to Leytonstone. When Lance-Corporal Pickard was put under arrest a policewoman took charge of Billy and, thanks to the work of the Juvenile Court, he was found a foster-mother at Tidworth



THE RACE FOR THE OAKS—HOW WILD CHILD WENT ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER: Mrs. Joel's fancied filly for the third of the Classics became tailed-off in the early stages of the race, and jockey Tommy Lowrey, realising that something was seriously amiss, pulled up and dismounted. When this picture was taken, he was walking Wild Child round Tattenham Corner, just about the moment when the flying French filly, Imprudence, which had won the race in runaway style, was entering the unsaddling enclosure. Up to date, this has been a sad year for British bloodstock with its procession of non-stayers

A PROBLEM PICTURE AT A MARYLEBONE WEDDING: Are bridesmaids Fiona and Sheilah Dow just yawning from sheer boredom, or are they yelling their heads off? The picture was taken at the wedding at Marylebone Presbyterian Church of Patricia Salter and George Wood. The bride is quite evidently perturbed at the behaviour of her two attendants, and is turning to see what is going on behind her back

THE PROBLEMS OF THE STUDENT FATHER: Mr. H. C. B. Mackenzie, of Caius College, is only one of many ex-Servicemen now completing their interrupted education at Cambridge. He was married while in the Fleet Air Arm. Now, thanks to the arrangements made by the wives of the dons, he is able to park his child on Friday afternoons at the Round Church Hall which has been opened as a creche

THE T.T. RIDER PRAYS FOR PROTECTION: J. de Ortuets, Spanish competitor in the Junior T.T. Race in the Isle of Man, kneeling in meditation before the altar at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Douglas, before taking part in the contest. Like the bullfighter before entering the ring, Senor Ortuets makes a regular practice of seeking Divine intercession

SKIRMISHES IN THE BOXES, SCUFFLES IN THE PASSAGES, AND STRIFE IN THE BALCONIES: This was what happened at the Albert Hall recently when 7,000 women, attending the British Housewives' League Rally, clashed with Communist interrupters. This picture shows just one incident in what finally developed into a veritable brawl. The meeting began decorously enough with the audience singing "Land of Hope and Glory" and "Rule, Britannia." Dorothy Crisp, the writer and housewife, had just got going in her speech and had revived the League's demand for the removal of Mr. Shinwell ("Minister of No Fuel and No Power" he was called) and Mr. Strachey, when the disturbances began. First came the pamphlets. Then groups of people in the top balcony, mostly young women, began chanting slogans in unison. As the police arrived the counter-action began. League members went up to the top balcony and for a time there was the sight of rows of young, bare-headed girls leaning over the rail and screaming: "Less controls, more necessity!"

DOÑA EVA, ARGENTINA'S COLOURFUL EMISSARY

The First Lady of the Republic Fêted by the Fascists at the Start of Her European Tour

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE European tour of Doña Eva Péron which commenced with such *éclat* in Madrid, recalls that made by Mme. Chiang-Kai-Shek at the height of the war. Both women are politicians in their own right, each has much personality, and to each was given the mission of interpreting and adding to the prestige of her country while her husband stayed at home and ruled.

The wife of Brigadier-General Juan Domingo Péron, twenty-seventh President of Argentina, will be taking in London any day now, when she will be freely written down as a Fascist. And how not so, in view of the daily story from Madrid?

General Franco and his entire Government at the airport to greet the Señora as she steps from her special Skymaster direct from Buenos Aires. She is the Caudillo's guest at the Pardo Palace throughout her stay. He gives her the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic on the balcony of the former Royal Palace while Madrid is in half-holiday mood. And then the lavish programme of popular acclaim: the bull-fight, the national dancing, the regional gifts, the visits to industry and social welfare.

It all does give the stamp of Fascism to Doña Eva Duarte de Péron. And yet it isn't so easy as that, for remarkable things have been happening in the Argentine in the past sixteen months, and to lump them all together as "Fascism" is to get into rather a tangle. Labour leaders here could not escape that.

When a more or less obscure Army colonel rose to power by an overnight *coup d'état*, foreign reaction was clear-cut: "A typical South American revolution staged by a clique and, in view of Argentina's well-known sympathies, steeped in Fascism." At first this reading seemed well borne out. Newspapers were suppressed, a high-powered Government propaganda blared reminiscently of "social justice at home and Argentine sovereignty abroad," and, as if to leave no doubt, led to the birth of nothing less than "Peronismo." But after a while something happened which was not in the books.

The Colonel took on all comers at an election: Conservatives, Radicals, Progressive-Democrats, Socialists, Communists. He styled his the National Revolutionary Party, and played his opponents, one against the other. He declared he was out to break that centuries-old aristocratic rule by which property owners and the professional classes had had almost all the say.

Péron posed as "the poor man's friend" and Argentine patriot, the while his opponents ridiculed and boasted they 'd win by ten votes to one. What happened was that they were swamped—all of them—in the most sweeping victory Argentina has known, sweeping because it applied to town and country alike and to both Houses of Parliament. But the chief thing was this: the election was admitted to have been a fair vote, that extreme rarity in South America.

Was it, all the same, nothing more or less than a mass Fascist vote? I must leave that to the political analysts, merely pointing out that to-day President Péron claims to head a Labour Ministry which has the support of what is called "the working-class Peronista mass," to which some Communists are adhering, the Party having been squarely beaten by Péron himself; that the latter is gaining the workers' attention in Uruguay and Bolivia, and that he introduces measure after measure of which any Labour Party might be proud.

Yet there is still a tangle, since we hear of calls on "all Peronistas to stand together," and of the existence of a Labour Party outside of them. What may be occurring is a paternal dictatorship blending Labour and Nationalism and making much play of helping the underdog. What certainly is transpiring is a new chapter of high social significance, and a new placing of Argentina on the map of the world. An accession of economic strength and political enthusiasm has put the Argentine in a more than usually challenging mood, and foreigners are feeling the effects of the former as markedly as the Argentinians are cashing in on the latter.

From the record in the domestic field it looks as if the President owes much of his success to efficient publicity campaigns announcing the Government's intentions, explaining why, and summoning co-operation. Some of it sounds too mind-herding or totalitarian, but it worked. Crux of these displays is the "Day" of this and the "Day" of the other, depicted in huge coloured posters. Commerce, industry, agriculture, merchant navy, armed forces, each has its "Day," showing what is being given and wanted of it. Every group of workers in the land is listed for its "Day." Even the Publicity chiefs have their "Day" on which their work is interpreted to the people. And the newsboys, too; in fact, theirs was, shrewdly, the first "Day" of the lot. The President and Doña Eva show themselves in the midst of these "Days," and one of their innovations was a "Gaol Day," when the pair handed out cake and champagne to prisoners.

Eyewash? No, Sir. Nobody charges that. The rush of change has proclaimed too much to the contrary. Before Péron, the Argentine was thick with wine, meat and bread, but the workers hadn't the money to buy these prime necessities. Now they can do so, thanks to increased wages, family allowances and pension funds.

There is a six-hour working day, no overtime is allowed, and no discharges without sanction of labour boards. The claim is that Péron has given status and dignity and that all have benefited—from crossing-sweepers to policemen, civil servants to peons, labourers to waiters. The last get no tips, but they do get the 10 per cent., and no funny work from proprietors.

If one be instinctively suspicious of monuments reared by personal regimes, as yet undamaged and unsmeared stands the huge form of a worker without a shirt, in tribute to the Descamisados (Shirtless) who voted Péron to power.

Land reform—meaning so much in this immense land of 1,000,000 square miles peopled only by 14,000,000—forms a big part of the Five-Year Plan in operation, and along with it goes a fuller social insurance and recognition of women's rights. This last is being expedited by a craze for sport and games among the young of both sexes. The suburbs of Buenos Aires are spoken of as one vast sports club, one unit of which has 30,000 members who, for a few shillings a year, have swimming, pelota, ice-skating, dancing, fencing, boxing, gymnasiums, a concert hall, a library and—teaching of languages by foreigners. If the materialistic be currently on top, culture and education absorb an expanding portion of the Budget.

While sweetening the workers, the Péron regime is pressing forward nationalisation. Civil aviation, the mercantile marine, the railways, the banks have been purchased by the State, and presently it will be the turn of public services and utilities and of heavy industry.

Where is the money coming from to meet all this? For the answer to that, one turns to the New Argentine's foreign policy, which is based on loyalty to those with cultural and racial affinities, and upon driving as hard bargains as possible with all others.

Hence the loyalty to Spain, which will last no matter what happens to Franco. It is as hard-and-fast a plank in Péron's platform as is refusal to allow the U.S. State Department any longer to interfere with "Argentina for the Argentines," a refusal which Washington at once understood by changing ambassadors at Buenos Aires.

To use an Americanism, Washington's Mr. Braden so got the Argentines' goat that they decided to close with Soviet Russia, chief worry of the United States, more than they would have done had a greater degree of tact been shown by the State Department. Determination to stand up to America has mainly provided the extraordinary spectacle of the Franco-decorated Péron not only resuming relations with Russia after a rupture of thirty years, but of his exchanging envoys and missions with that Communist land.

Soviet vessels moor at Buenos Aires and Ambassador Sergusiev offers future shipments of newsprint, machinery and even of technicians, the while the Argentine President's wife is (figuratively speaking only) hugged by Franco, of all people. The explanation of such ideological opportunism being found in two things. The Argentine is "feeling good" and has done something with the workers, concerning which the U.S.S.R. is not quite at ease; and Russia wants seed oils and meat and has the ships' bottoms in which to carry the cargoes away—an absolute requisite when dealing with this Argentine.

We ourselves have experienced the fullest impact of Peronistic buoyancy. Cognisant of how much we rely on Argentine produce, and holding the card of the sterling balances (about £130,000,000), the Péron regime has driven the hardest of bargains for a somewhat late-comer in the war, and a vast war beneficiary. It has been the same over meat and oils, wheat and cereals—which included Señor Miranda's record swipe of £49,000,000 on one deal alone. It was thereabouts that Sir M. Eady spoke of "the cold hostility of Buenos Aires." Only over the railways was really harsh gain not extracted.

The President is good at surprise gestures—and I don't mean just claiming the Falkland Islands. No. He gets Franco to reprieve Republicans sentenced to death. He forbids the priesthood to do any more converting of Indians. He gives lunch to the first Italian immigrants who arrive as stowaways.

Father Silva, who is in charge of immigration, with offices in Rome and Madrid, says his country could absorb 4,000,000 in ten years, and begin now with 30,000 a month. Of course, such figures are moonshine for years to come, but there 's no doubt that a great multitude of Italians will flock across.

Argentina's display is not attractive to all eyes. But she has found leadership, faith and opportunity, and the rest is being human in a hard way.

THE STRONG MAN OF ARGENTINA: Brigadier-General Péron, twenty-seventh President of the Republic, speaking over the radio at the opening of Argentina's wine festival at Mendoza. On the left is his wife, Doña Eva Péron, who, as the emissary of her country, is now engaged upon a European tour. Her first call was upon General Franco

IN SPAIN, THE CAUDILLO'S WELCOME: General Franco, head of the Spanish State, greeting Doña Eva Péron, wife of the Argentinian President, on her arrival at Madrid airport. Franco presented her with the Grand Cross of Isabella the Catholic, and an elaborate round of festivities was staged in her honour

FOUR SLIP FIELDERS WERE WAITING TO GET ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN—A DRAMATIC PICTURE FROM TRENT BRIDGE ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST TEST MATCH AGAINST SOUTH AFRICA, WHEN ENGLAND WAS BATTLING FOR RUNS AND YARDLEY, IN HIS USUAL ROLE, WAS ATTEMPTING TO STEM THE TIDE OF DEFEAT: In this innings Yardley was out for 22, but when we followed on, his record-breaking second-wicket partnership with brilliant Denis Compton was the main factor in England saving the game

The First Test at Trent Bridge

'HOW ENGLAND SAVED THE GAME

Compton, Yardley and Evans to the Rescue

Although at times on the verge of defeat, England in the end survived gloriously in the first Test Match against the South Africans at Trent Bridge, for after replying with a dismal 208 to the South Africans' mammoth total of 533, Washbrook, Edrich, Compton, Yardley and Evans, not to mention tail-ender Martin, combined together to produce a second innings total of 551. It was really Compton's day, his glorious innings of 163 carrying England to within sight of safety, but there were deserved cheers for Yardley when he returned to the pavilion, having got within one of his coveted century, and for wicket-keeper Evans, who smote about him with a will in order to complete the work of those higher up the batting-list. Of the South African batting prowess and fielding keenness there is no doubt, and their play in this match was a revelation. The two centuries by Melville, the South African captain, who partnered Mitchell, will long be remembered

AT : HIS MIGHTY EFFORT ENDED: Just when everybody was getting ready to acclaim Norman Yardley on his century in his first Test Match as England's captain (at Sydney he deputised for Hammond), he was caught by Tuckett off Dawson's bowling. Yardley is seen in this picture attempting a big hit

EVANS WAS ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE MATCH: England's wicket-keeper was stumped by Lindsay for a modest two runs in the first innings. When England followed on and runs were needed badly to avert defeat, Evans was at his best, scoring 74 in 1 hour 15 minutes, about sixty of his runs being hard-hit boundaries. Evans is rapidly developing into a really first-class bat

THE INCOMPARABLE DENIS: Compton, the Middlesex star, lashing out in his dashing second innings of 163, during the greater part of which he was partnered by his captain, Norman Yardley. In the first innings, when Britain collapsed, Compton scored 65. Throughout the match he was always finding gaps in the field, despite the keenness of the fieldsmen

A Foreign News Survey

NORMANDY THREE YEARS AFTER

The Wives of Leading Nazis Await Trial: A Norwegian Investiture: Danes in Germany

PILGRIMS VISIT BRITISH GRAVES IN NORMANDY: This was the scene in Benouville Cemetery as the next-of-kin of British war dead stood beside the local inhabitants at an open-air service on the third anniversary of D-Day. The cemetery contains the graves of airborne soldiers who dropped a few hours before the invasion to seize the key bridges

Led by Brigadier J. H. N. Poett, who commanded the 5th Parachute Brigade on D-Day, a party of pilgrims visited the Normandy battlefields on the third anniversary of the operation and received a wonderful reception from the local inhabitants. Many wives and parents, who had previously received from French people photographs showing their men's graves planted and decked with flowers, were surprised to find the cemetery practically bare, but this was explained by the fact that the War Graves Commission took over the cemetery last October, and it is now in a transitional stage

AS THE "LAST POST" WAS SOUNDED OVER THE GRAVES OF THE NORMANDY DEAD: Brigadier J. H. N. Poett saluting during the ceremony at Benouville, where so many men of the famous 5th Parachute Brigade now lie buried

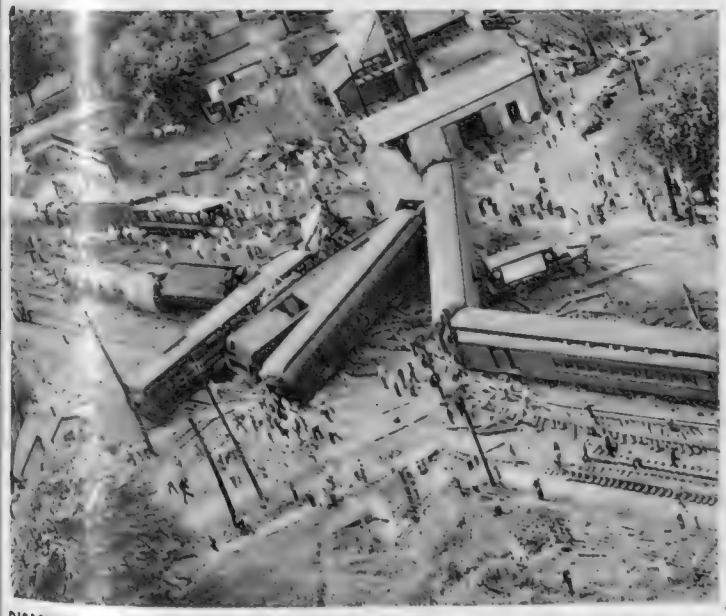
TWO NEWCOMERS TO THE AUGSBURG-GOEGGINGEN INTERNMENT CAMP: Frau Hans Frank (wife of the former Governor-General of Poland, who was hanged at Nuremberg) and Frau Baldur von Schirach (wife of the German Nazi Youth Leader who was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment) arriving with their few belongings at the camp, where they are now awaiting trial, with the wives of other Nazi leaders, before a German de-Nazification court. Another inmate of the camp is Frau Goering. There has been considerable controversy in the Allied Control over the arrest of the wives of the Nazi leaders

AWAITING THE VERDICT OF A DE-NAZIFICATION COURT: *Left*—Frau Emmy Goering in bed in the sick bay at the Augsburg-Goeggingen camp, and (*right*) Frau Frick, widow of the former Nazi Minister of the Interior, in the gaol at Starnberg, Bavaria

THE KING OF NORWAY HOLDS AN INVESTITURE IN A BRITISH WARSHIP: King Haakon walking along the flight-deck of the carrier H.M.S. "Yengeance" in company with Admiral Sir John Cunningham, the First Sea Lord. The King had just decorated Sir John with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Olaf with Swords. The ceremony took place on June 7, on the seventh anniversary of the day on which the Norwegian Royal family sailed for England in H.M.S. "Devonshire" to escape the Nazis and establish the exile Government in London. Wearing his flag in the "Devonshire" on that occasion was Admiral Cunningham, in those days the Commander of the First Cruiser Squadron. It was on June 7, 1945, that King Haakon returned to Norway, also in the "Devonshire," a cruiser of just under 10,000 tons

H.M.S. "VENGEANCE" ENTERING OSLO HARBOUR: The "Yengeance," a light Fleet carrier of 14,000 tons, about to drop anchor and prepare for the reception of the King of Norway, who held an investiture on board the vessel in recognition of the British part in the evacuation of the Norwegian Royal family and the Norwegian Government in June 1940. Crown Prince Olaf was also present for the occasion. Three Norwegian destroyers met the "Yengeance" at sea and escorted her into Oslo

THE DANES PASS THROUGH SOUTH SCHLESWIG—A PEACEFUL INVASION OF GERMAN TERRITORY: For the first time since the war of 1864, the conflict staged by Bismarck as a test of Prussian strength and a prelude to further Prussian expansionism, Danish troops have entered the disputed province, and their vehicles are seen in these pictures as they crossed the frontiers at Krusaa, north of Flensburg, en route to Oldenburg. The Danish Brigade is to play its part in the occupation, and will patrol an area in the First Corps District. This will be a particular help to Britain from the man-power point of view



DISASTER ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL: An aerial view of six of the thirteen coaches and the overturned engine of the express which struck a vehicle on a level crossing at Huron, Ohio. Eleven of the thirteen coaches were derailed and were spreadeagled across the track. The Associated Press give no details of the casualty list. None of the coaches was telescoped, which would have undoubtedly occurred if they had been of wooden construction

HUNGARY'S NEW PREMIER—A PRO-COMMUNIST REGIME IN BUDAPEST: Lajos Dinnyes seen with his Deputy Prime Ministers at the swearing-in ceremony which followed the surprise resignation of Ferenc Nagy. Nagy resigned while on holiday in Switzerland, making one of his terms the fact that his son should be allowed to join him in that country. The latest developments in Hungary, interpreted as a blow to Western influence, give the Communists complete control. Nagy is said to have been guilty of conspiracy, but he himself asserts that he was the victim of a conspiracy

WHERE THE EMBANKMENT ENDS; BESIDE THE COUNTY HALL, WESTMINSTER: THE GREAT PILE OF SOUTH LONDON BLITZ RUBBLE MARKS THE END OF THE CONCRETE EMBANKMENT AND THE BEGINNING OF THE LONG, UNEVEN LINE OF WHARVES AND WAREHOUSES. This was one of the proposed sites for the Great Exhibition of 1950, which, it has now been decided, will not take place. The Charing Cross railway bridge can be seen in the background, with Waterloo Bridge beyond it. It has been suggested that Government office buildings should be constructed between the County Hall and Waterloo Bridge. This would be the beginning of a more dignified appearance to the South Bank, which, apart from the County Hall, has been so badly neglected architecturally

AN INN ON BANKSIDE: The Anchor is situated near the London Bridge end of Bankside and lies within the area once covered by the grounds of the Bishop of Winchester's London Palace
—Drawing by Percy Home

LONDON RIVER'S SOUTH BANK

Present-day Aspects of Bankside and the South Bank

With the Bankside controversy still smouldering, the whole question of the much-neglected South Bank of the Thames becomes topical. Sir Patrick Abercrombie's County of London Plan of 1943 laid the foundation for a Youth Centre, a swimming-pool and public gardens. More recently, plans have been made for the building of new Government offices on the bomb-damaged sites between the County Hall, Westminster, and Waterloo Bridge—a scheme which need not necessarily mean more than an adjustment of the original plan so that the public gardens, etc., would be situated farther downstream. No one can deny the great need for replanning the South Bank, yet, inevitably, some attractive spots will be demolished with the rest. The "regular" of the Anchor public house may be more interested in having his pint in the old place than in any spectacular schemes for his betterment, and the wharves will be less picturesque when they are more modern and efficient

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ALMSHOUSES NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO BANKSIDE: Built in the conventional style of almshouses, about a rectangular grass plot, these buildings face Holland Street, Bankside. Above the door is the inscription, "Chas. Hopton, Esq. Sole Founder of this Charity, Anno 1752"—*Drawing by Percy Home*

THE YORK ROAD EXTENSION OF THE COUNTY HALL, WESTMINSTER: A building typical of what may be expected in the proposed extension of Government office buildings from the County Hall to Waterloo Bridge. The County Hall is the only modern building of any note between Westminster and Blackfriars, on the South Bank of the Thames

A TYPICAL THAMES WHARF ON THE SOUTH BANK BEYOND THE CONCLUSION OF THE EMBANKMENT: One of the many picturesque corners of Thames-side is illustrated in this drawing of Peachers' Wharf as seen from Canterbury Dock landing-stage. Charing Cross railway bridge is in the background, and left, above the roofs, a well-known landmark—the lion of the Lion Brewery. These wharves are within the area that might be demolished in a replanning scheme—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The SOUTH BANK before the EMBANKMENT was Built

Some Historic Pictures from the Guildhall Library

Among the suggestions for the future planning of the South Bank have been plans for public gardens and a swimming-pool; and a plea for a riverside restaurant. It is, consequently, of particular interest to look back on London's past and to find London's riverside used for the recreation of its citizens. On this page are illustrated some of the delightful riverside walks and the sites of pleasure gardens and restaurants. The Londoner could cross by bridge; by a light skiff or by some sturdier craft and, once across to the South Bank, he found a pleasant countryside where he could walk by the river and eat in a restaurant with the music, perhaps, of a harp as accompaniment. There were grosser pleasures, too, and on the site of the present Bankside were the Stews (houses of prostitution which lasted from 1154 until 1546), the Bear Gardens and the Bull-baiting Grounds. It is interesting to find that the Londoner of those days had his riverside eating-places—a privilege that is, nowadays, limited to Members of the House of Commons

CONSTRUCTING THE THAMES EMBANKMENT AT LAMBETH: A drawing of the Albert Embankment, which was completed in 1869 and named after the Prince Consort. This is the east side of the river, which here flows north and south

BEFORE THE EMBANKMENT WAS BUILT: The old walk along the Lambeth foreshore, with the simple post-and-rail fence. Westminster Bridge can be seen in the background, and Westminster Hall and Westminster Abbey on the left. The building on the extreme right is the gateway to Lambeth Palace

CROSSING THE RIVER IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: Battersea Church and waterfront in 1752. The light and speedy skiffs were a popular means of transport across the river to the South Bank, where many people went for the pleasure gardens and other more boisterous forms of entertainment, as well as for the quiet of riverside walks in country surroundings

THE OLD MILL NEAR CUPER'S BRIDGE: Cuper's Bridge and Gardens were set in bucolic surroundings, beside the Thames on the South Bank, with Westminster Bridge just visible in the background. The visitor could listen to music and, later in the day, be entertained by fireworks. Statues which decorated the pleasure gardens were later found to be of some value. The gardens were situated where now is the approach to Waterloo Bridge

A POPULAR HAUNT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: The Red House at Battersea was typical of the attractions of the South Bank. The restaurant, under the spreading tree, is more reminiscent of the Continent than of London these days and it is just such a place that many hope will be included in the new replanning schemes. It has been pointed out that the only riverside restaurant now in existence is that of the House of Commons. There are, however, still one or two "pubs" with terraces over the river

ROYAL OCCASIONS

The Buckingham Palace Garden Party: Princess Elizabeth, Freeman of London: The Royal Tournament: And the Visit to the Ballet

THE SECOND PRESENTATION PARTY AT THE PALACE—THE ROYAL FAMILY MINGLE WITH THEIR 5,000 GUESTS ON THE PALACE LAWNS: The King and Queen, followed by the Earl of Clarendon (centre right), Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, as they walked among their guests. This was one of several Royal occasions immediately preceding the King's official birthday on June 12, and it was the second Presentation Party of the season

A DAY OF SUNSHINE ON THE PALACE LAWNS: Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester at the second Presentation Party held at Buckingham Palace. Princess Elizabeth was in a pale biscuit-coloured ensemble and Princess Margaret wore pale rose pink

PASSING THROUGH THE SERRIED LINES OF THEIR GUESTS: The King and Queen, Queen Mary, the Princesses, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone; another picture taken during their tour of the Buckingham Palace lawns at the second Presentation Party. In the course of the afternoon tea was served in tents on the Palace lawns, and the Gold Coast Police Band, which is on tour in this country, and the band of the Coldstream Guards provided music. An invitation to these afternoon parties is regarded as equivalent to presentation at Court

PRINCESS ELIZABETH IN THE CITY—THE HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE IS MADE A FREEMAN OF THE CITY OF LONDON: *Left*—A close-up of the Princess driving with her Lady-in-Waiting, Lady Margaret Seymour, from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall, where she was received by the Lord Mayor, the Corporation and the Court of Common Council. The Princess's open landau was drawn by four greys and accompanied by an escort of Household Cavalry. *Right*—The Princess acknowledging the cheers of the crowds which greeted her when she appeared on the balcony of the Mansion House following a civic luncheon and the ceremony of conferring the Freedom of the City at the neighbouring Guildhall. The Princess is wearing on her left shoulder the antique English diamond spray brooch, with a design of three leaves and a bird, presented to her as a memento of the occasion

THE ROYAL VISIT TO THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE—THE KING AND QUEEN AND THE PRINCESSES ARRIVE TO SEE THE BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: Princess Margaret (*left*), the King and Queen (*centre*), and Princess Elizabeth (*right*) seen as they alighted from their cars. The visit of the King and Queen was of an official nature, while that of the Princesses was informal. The Princesses were with a party of eight in the stalls. The programme included the great Russian dancer, Leonide Massine, who appeared in the "Boutique Fantasque," and Beryl Grey in "Les Sylphides"

AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT—WATCHING THE PERFORMANCE AT OLYMPIA AFTER THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR ON THE KING'S OFFICIAL BIRTHDAY, JUNE 12: On the left is Viscountess Hambleden. The Queen is sitting beside Prince Michael of Kent and Princess Alexandra. The King is talking with Major-General Marriott, and Princess Margaret is with the Hon. Mrs. Peter Townsend. Major-General Marriott is the General Officer Commanding the London District. The Royal Family saw a tournament very much in the old manner, with many of the old favourites, such as the trick-riding display and the invariably hectic field-gun competition. A new item was a display of Commando training

THE KING, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND PRINCESS ELIZABETH ON THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE: Attending the birthday parade on June 12, the King's official birthday, when the Brigade of Guards, for the first time since 1939 and in battle-dress, carried out the traditional ceremony of Trooping the Colour

TROOPING THE COLOUR

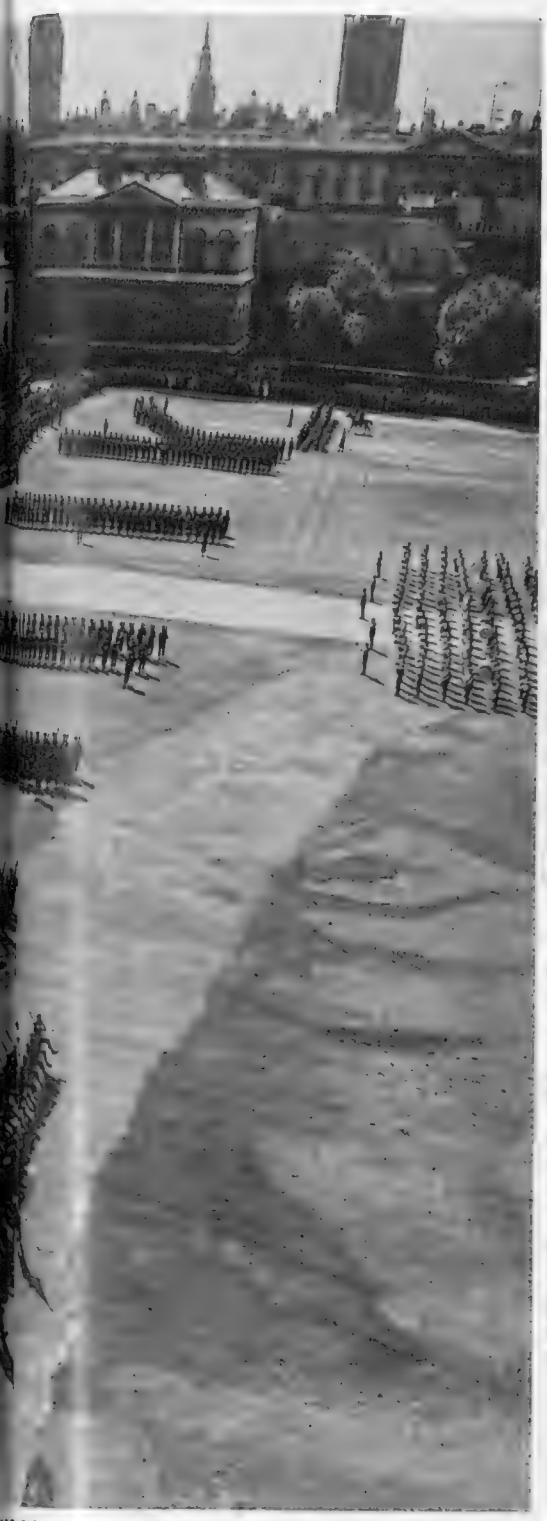
The King and Princess Elizabeth with the Guards

The Trooping of the Colour marked the zenith of the London season. This year the ceremony drew far greater crowds than in the days before the war, in part no doubt because it was the first time it had taken place for eight years, and in part because of the appearance on the parade-ground of Princess Elizabeth, the heir-presumptive. The Trooping of the Colour is a military pageant of which there is not the like in any other country. It had its origin when the Pope blessed the standard which William the Conqueror bore at Hastings, but it was not until comparatively modern times that the Colour (symbol of loyalty to the Throne) assumed a special and practical significance which presently grew into the Army's life. It was in 1755 that the Duke of Cumberland, then Commander-in-Chief, desired a better discipline in the Army. He therefore ordained that if the guard was to be mounted with colours, the Captain should "send for them in form." From this grew the ceremony of guard-mounting, and out of that the ceremonial of trooping the regiment's colours. From that again was evolved the wonderful ritual employed by the Guards when Trooping the King's Colour on the King's birthday

THE GUARDS MARCH IN SLOW TIME PAST THE KI… evidences the machine-like precision of the B… Parade the Guards have been far afield, but… lost nothing of their incom…

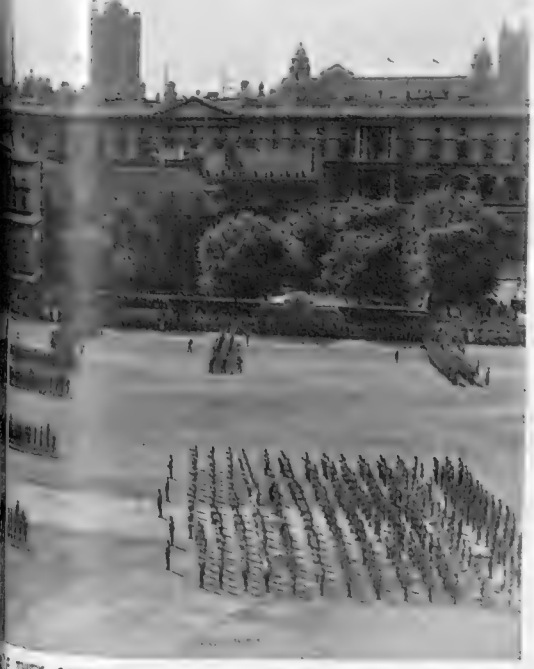
THE KING AND HIS CAVALCADE WATCH THE MAJESTIC RITUAL OF THE TROOPING OF THE COLOUR: An overhead view of the Horse Guards Parade, showing the Guards marching past the King in slow time, the Colour being lowered in salute. The Colour was that of the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards which was later carried on the King's Guard for the day

EVEN IN BATTLE-DRESS AND WITH THE MODERN R… during the march-past, showing the band in … Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth ca… Special stands were built for the oc…

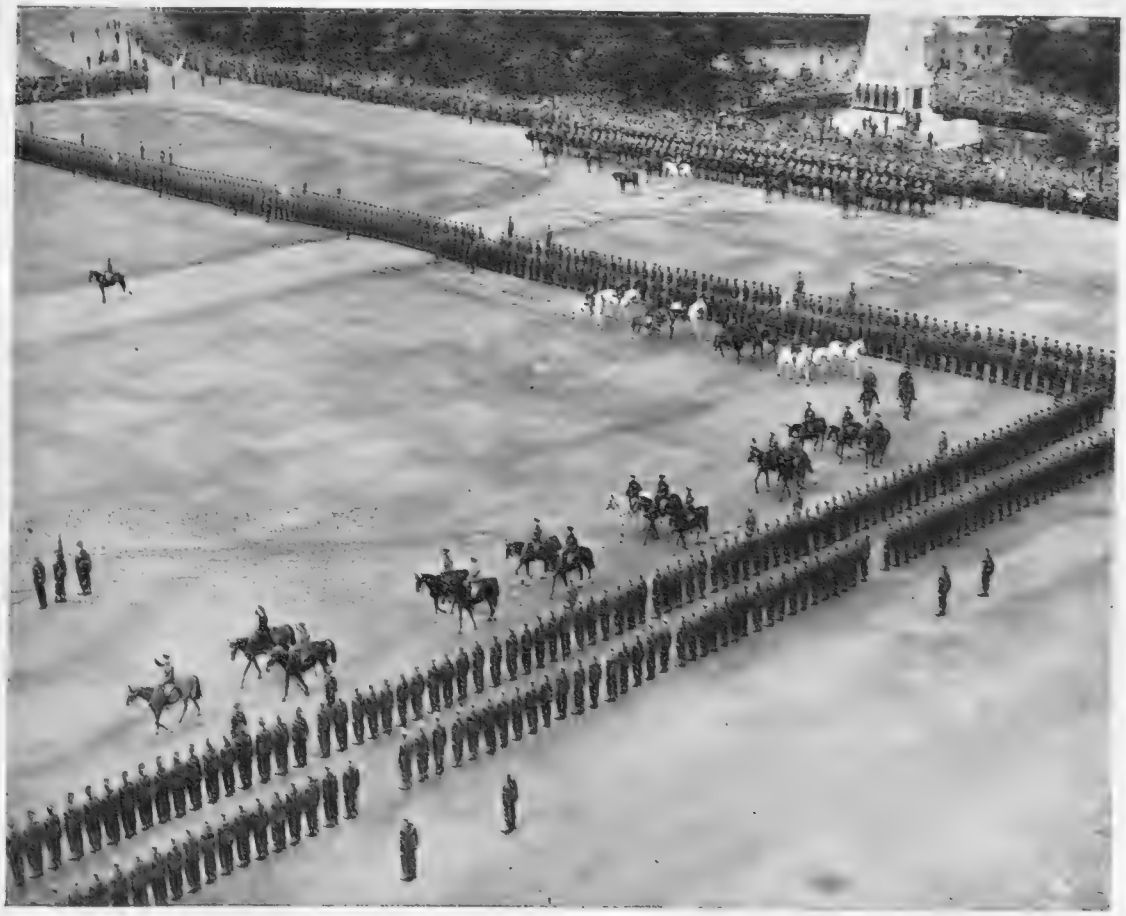


KII. This picture taken above the Horse Guards Parade
B's drill movements. Since the King's last Birthday
ury showed at last week's ceremony that they have
orable efficiency "on the square"

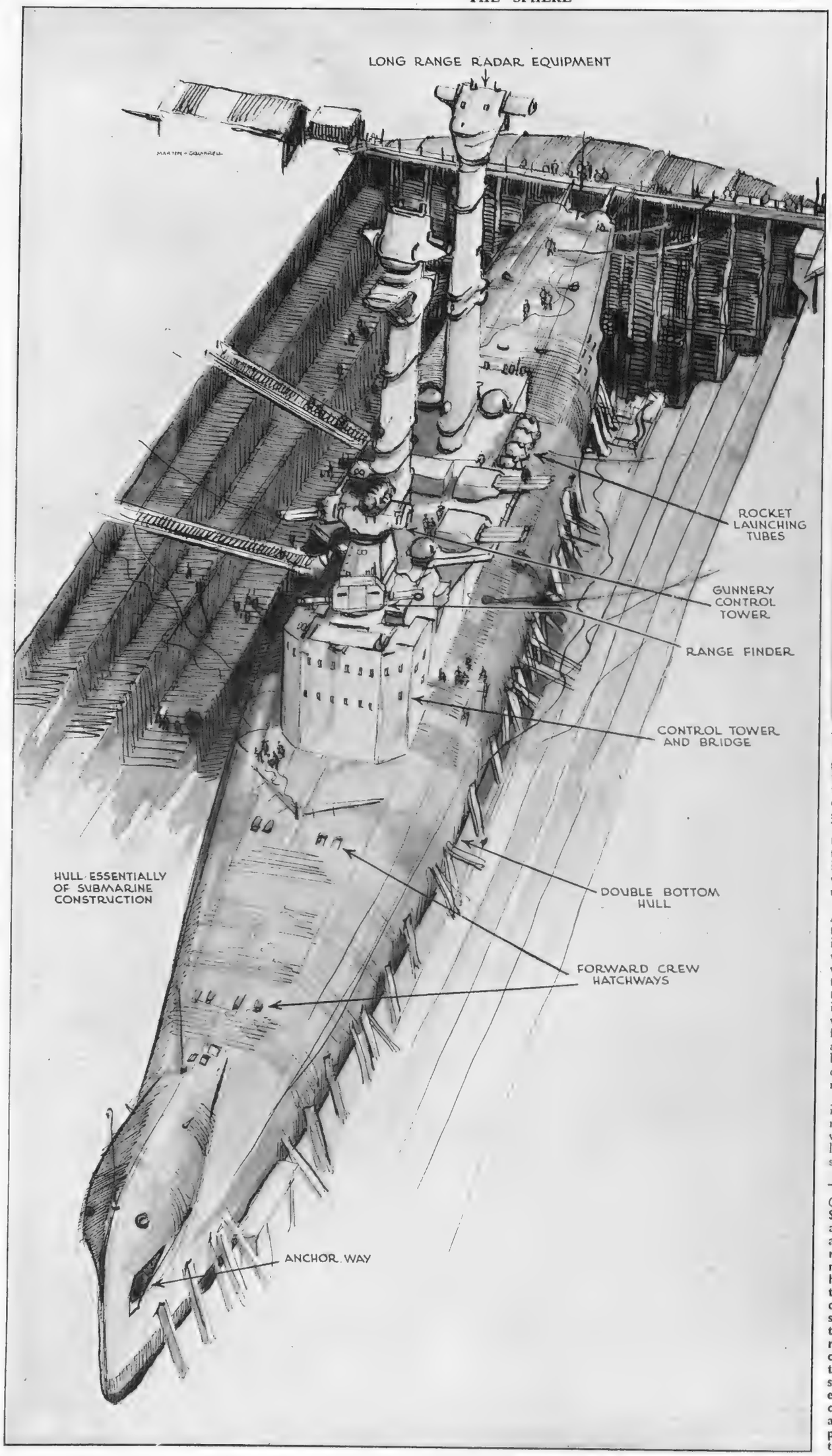
THERE WERE OVER 1,100 MEN ON PARADE: The marching files seen from a rooftop above the Horse Guards Parade. The Trooping of the Colour has its origin in the days of William the Conqueror, but the ceremony is based on the guard-mounting procedure in the British Army in the eighteenth century



E THEY CONTRIVE TO BE SPECTACULAR: Another scene
e centre of the Horse Guards Parade. The King, the
e seen on their horses just in front of the archway.
ion to accommodate some of the spectators



THE ROYAL CAVALCADE PASSES DOWN THE LINES OF THE GUARDS: As the King, the Duke of Gloucester and Princess Elizabeth pass the Colour Party in the centre of the Horse Guards, they salute to the right. Some thousands of people watched the ceremony from the roadway flanking St. James's Park. The King and the Princess both rode police horses specially provided for the occasion



THE WARSHIP in the ATOMIC AGE

Some Ideas Based Upon the Lessons Learnt at Bikini

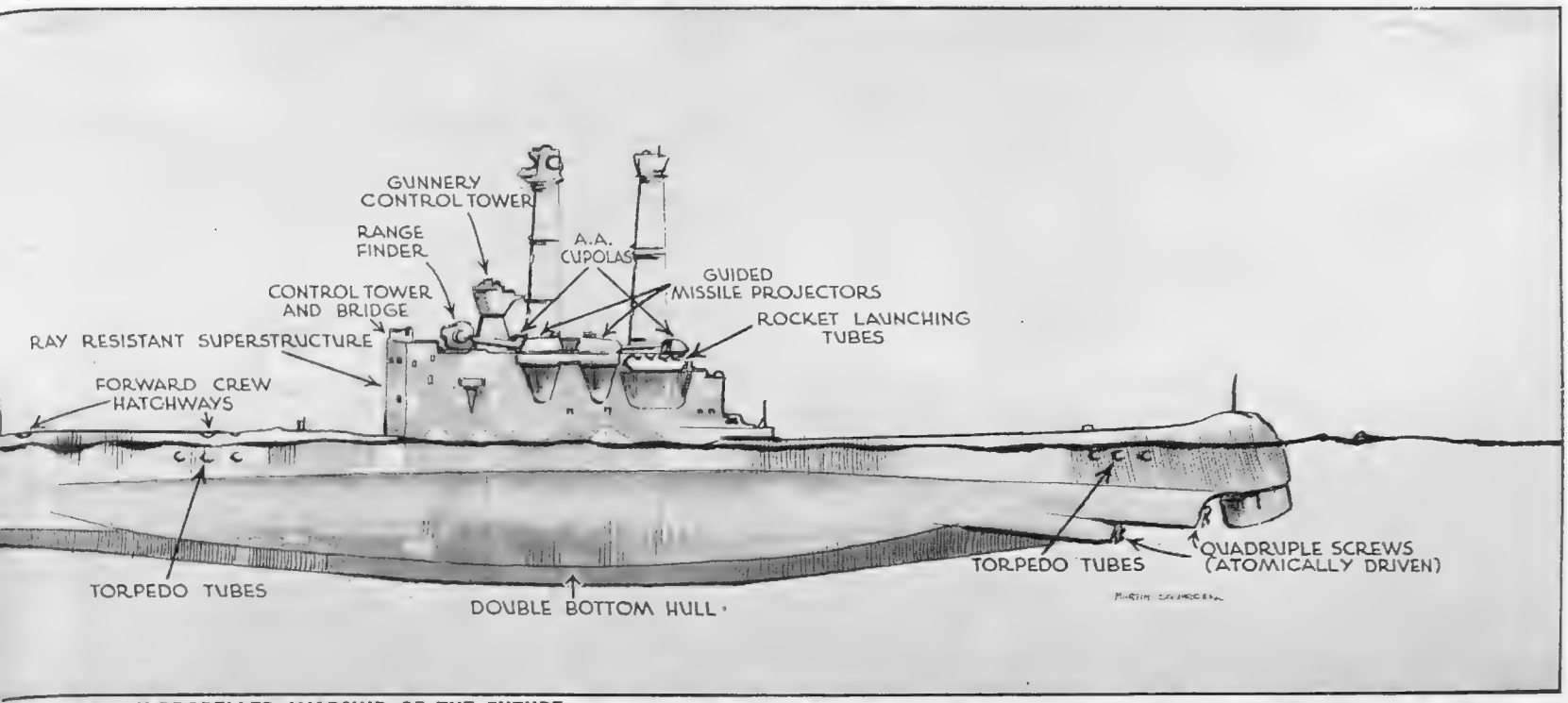
What will be the warship of the future? Is the era of the giant capital ship as we knew it in the Second World War gone for ever? Has the aircraft-carrier completely superseded the battleship as the spearhead of the Fleet? These and countless other questions leap to mind as a result of the Bikini experiment, and there is no doubt that the navies of the world are watching and waiting upon the trend of design.

In a recent statement from the Admiralty it was made plain that the British Navy contemplates the idea of an atomically-propelled warship—one, no doubt, that would be largely ray-resistant. In the accompanying drawings Martin Squirrell puts forward some ideas with regard to the atom-age warship. There is naturally no finality about such ideas—rather are they essentially exploratory—but they give an indication of the current direction of thought among naval architects.

Whatever material is finally introduced to resist radio-active radiation, says Mr. Squirrell, will no doubt be applied in heavy layers which will hamper normal superstructure design and also the

(*Continued on right*)

On left—**THE ATOMIC WARSHIP IN DRY DOCK: An artist's impression of the atom-powered and ray-resistant vessel which the navies of the world may have to construct to take the place of the present orthodox types. At the summit of the control tower is the long-range radar equipment giving considerable warning of the approach of hostile squadrons. The drawing evidences the submarine construction of the warship, although it is not contemplated that the superstructure would be submerged**



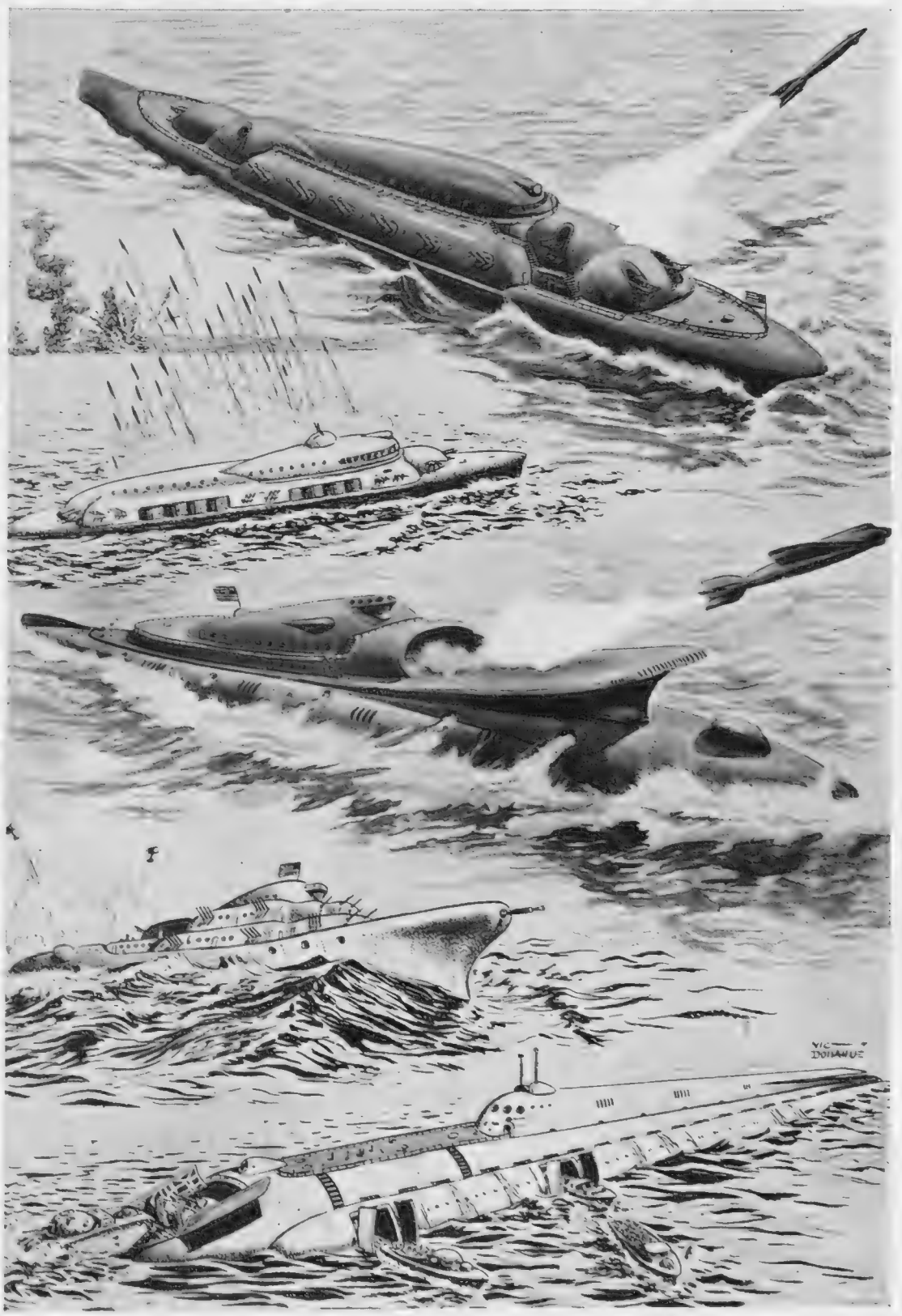
AN ATOMICALLY-PROPELLED WARSHIP OF THE FUTURE—AN ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF A MODERN BATTLESHIP SHAPED LIKE A SUBMARINE AND IN LARGE MEASURE BASED UPON THE LESSONS LEARNT AT BIKINI: Admiralty designers are giving urgent attention to this problem. The superstructure of such a vessel would have to be of a highly ray-resistant nature, and its main armament would probably consist of guided missile projectors and rocket-launching tubes—*Drawings by Martin Squirrell*

(*Continued from below on left*)
speed of the ship concerned. The future battleship will probably be shaped like a submarine, and only the ray-resistant superstructure will be above the water-level. Radar, all-important in the long-range detection of hostile air squadrons, will have to be installed at the summit of the battleship's superstructure, and will, of course, require a very large measure of protection.

The British Navy's views on the question were made plain in a recent Admiralty statement reviewing Admiralty research and development work. The statement said: "On the defensive side, the Navy has to apply the lessons learned by its observers of the Bikini tests of the atomic bomb, but the implications of atomic energy are by no means limited to defensive aspects and may, contrary to initial reactions, lead to an enhancement of naval power in a highly modified form and with wide offensive and defensive commitments. The atomically-propelled warship, for instance, would have no immediate refuelling problems, and the period for which it could stay at sea would be limited only by other and generally less urgent supply problems—a vital factor if the ship proved less vulnerable than the harbour. Again, a revolution in naval ordnance, in the light of the guided rocket missile, opens a field in which research is essential to security."

THE CHANGING SUPERSTRUCTURE OF WARSHIPS: These Swedish destroyers, the "Munin" and the "Mode," which recently arrived at Torquay on a courtesy visit, typify the changing trend. Superstructures in warships large and small tend to be more homogeneous. Radar is now largely built in

On right—**SOME IDEAS FROM THE UNITED STATES: Vic Donahue, a former war artist of the United States Marine Corps, serving in the Pacific, sketched this entirely unofficial conception of the major components of the fleet of the future. From top to bottom, the craft shown are—a guided-missile ship, to supersede the present battleship; a fast raider, to replace the present cruiser; a new-type carrier which launches pilotless aircraft; the "Attack-Killer," which will replace the destroyer, and a submarine which can be used as a troop- and cargo-carrier. The Navy's future vessels, according to Donahue, might be built to attack cities and land bases, rather than to engage in naval battles**



NOTABLE NEWCOMERS TO THE WESTERN OCEAN—POST-WAR LINERS OF THREE NATIONS WHICH WILL SOON BE ENTERING SERVICE: The 11,000-ton Swedish-American liner "Stockholm" is now fitting out at Gothenburg; the 16,000-ton Norwegian-American liner is on order, and the "Media" and "Parthia," two vessels of 13,500 tons, will act in a supplementary capacity to the "Queen Mary" and the "Queen Elizabeth"—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*

NEW LINERS on the NORTH and SOUTH ATLANTIC

And Other Shipping Developments of the Moment

In the near future there will be a number of new transatlantic liners making their debut. Amongst these will be two very interesting motor-liners; the first to enter service will be the 11,000-ton, yacht-like *Stockholm*, which is now fitting out at Gothenburg. Ordered by the Swedish-American Line from the well-known Gotaverken shipyard, she is comparatively small as transatlantic liners go, with a length of 524 ft. overall. She will accommodate fifty cabin-class passengers and 314 in the standard class. Her service speed will be 19 knots. The *Stockholm*, which is Europe's first post-war liner, should be ready for service later this year. She bears the name of a larger ship which her owners ordered in Italy before the war, and which was bought by the Italian Government and became a war loss.

The other Scandinavian motor-liner is on order for the Norwegian-American Line. She is a considerably larger ship, with a tonnage of 16,000 and a length of 577 ft. Also built for service to New York, she will have a speed of 20 knots and will cater for 550 passengers in two classes, including 370 tourist. Aluminium will be used extensively in the superstructure of the ship.

Besides these there are two Cunard-White Star liners, the *Media* and the *Parthia*, fitting out, and their owners are stated to be contemplating two more 20,000-tonners. They also have the large 30,000-ton *Caronia* under construction.

France has not yet ordered any new liners for the Havre-New York service, and it will therefore probably be some years before they have anything new to put on this route. The two French Line ships illustrated will have a speed of 23 knots and a length of 594 ft. One of them is building at Dunkirk and the other has yet to be laid down at Brest.

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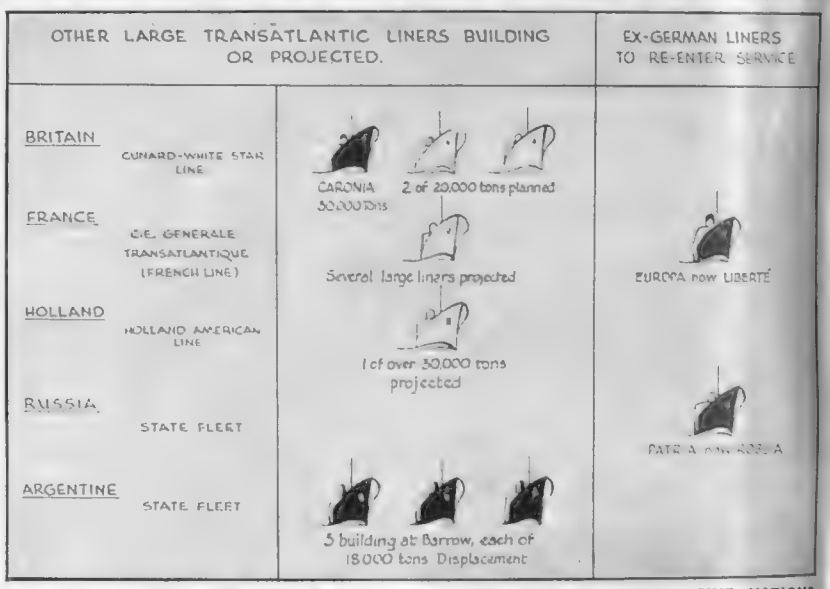


PASSENGER LINERS FOR THE NORTH AND SOUTH ATLANTIC—WHAT FIVE NATIONS ARE PLANNING: A diagrammatic sketch showing the various ships now on the stocks or projected. "La Liberté" (ex-"Europa"), it will be remembered, had an accident in Le Havre Harbour last year and her return to the New York run has been very considerably delayed

(*Continued from on left*)

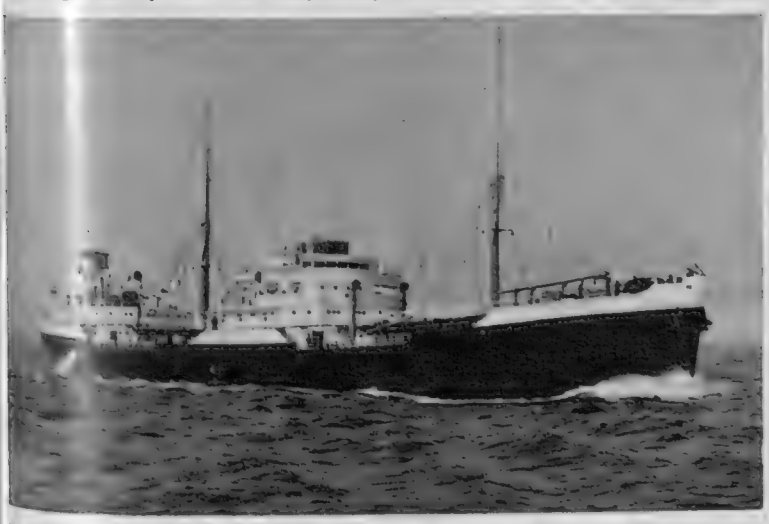
Spain has two large and imposing motor-liners on order. One is building at Sestao and the other at Ferrol, and they will be the largest vessels yet built in that country. With a service speed of 20 knots, a tonnage of 19,000, and a length of 632 ft., they are a notable step forward in Spanish shipbuilding. Intended for the South American run, they will carry 320 tourist class and 100 economic class, while there will also be another 100 supplementary berths available.

America is planning to augment her transatlantic liner fleet with several of her large 17,000-ton troopers of the General class, after they have undergone the necessary reconstruction. During recent months many famous Atlantic veterans have been sold and renamed, and are now running on the Europe-South America or U.S.-Mediterranean routes.

On left—**"ABERDONIAN COAST" SETS A NEW FASHION IN COASTERS:** This twin-screw motor-vessel of 1,300 tons is the latest addition to the Aberdeen Steam Navigation Company's fleet, and she is seen in this picture on arrival at Free Trade Wharf, Wapping, at the end of her maiden voyage from Aberdeen and Newcastle. With a speed of 15 knots the "Aberdonian Coast" will maintain a weekly cargo-passenger service, and this will be augmented to twice weekly when she is joined in the autumn by her sister-ship the "Caledonian Coast." She has single- and two-berth cabins for ten passengers

FOR THE SOUTH ATLANTIC AND THE CARIBBEAN—SOME PROJECTED NEW LINERS WHICH WILL BE SEEN IN WEST INDIAN, BRAZILIAN AND ARGENTINE PORTS: The two Spanish motor-ships of 19,000 tons are being built at Sestao and Ferrol and are the most ambitious projects yet attempted by Spain. One of the two French vessels is already under construction at Dunkirk. The "Magdalena" will be a notable addition to the Royal Mail Line—*Drawing by Laurence Dunn*

SPANISH VETERAN NOW APPEARS IN A NEW GUISE: The "Habana," originally built in 1923 as the "Alfonso XIII" for the passenger service between Spain, Cuba and New York, has been completely reconditioned by the Todd Shipyards Corporation, Brooklyn, and has emerged with first-class accommodation for 101 persons. She made her maiden voyage from New York in mid-April. During the Spanish civil war the "Habana" was gutted by fire and temporarily converted for use as a cargo vessel



THE "LAMPANIA" RUNS HER TRIALS OFF THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE: This single-screw motor-tanker, built by Hawthorn Leslie for the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, has been designed for the transport of petroleum in bulk, with its cargo-space divided into eight main tanks and sub-divided by two longitudinal bulkheads, thus making twenty-four separate cargo-tanks. After completing her trials successfully, the "Lampania" was recently handed over to her owners. Accommodation for officers and men is markedly good. The captain has a suite on the navigating bridge

THE S.S. "CARONIA" TOWERS ABOVE THE SHEDS OF CLYDEBANK: An overhead view of the new 30,000-ton Cunard-White Star liner now taking shape in Messrs. John Brown's yard. It was there that her big sisters, the "Queen Mary" and "Queen Elizabeth," were built, and when the time comes she will assist them on the New York run. The "Caronia," the largest merchant vessel being built anywhere in the world, already gives evidence of the streamlined grace which will be her principal feature. She will do the 6,000-mile trip to the United States and back without refuelling, thus ensuring a speedy turn-round in New York. The "Caronia" is due to be launched in about four months, and her fitting-out will occupy the rest of the winter

A Home News Survey

WHEN HAWICK'S CORNET "RIDES THE COMMON"

"Westward" to be Scuttled—A Link with John Peel—The New Mumbles Lifeboat

THE BORDER BURGH OF HAWICK CELEBRATES IN TRADITIONAL STYLE—THE ANNUAL CEREMONY OF RIDING THE COMMON OR BEATING THE BOUNDS AS THE CAVALCADE, HEADED BY THE CORNET, PASSED THROUGH HAWICK EN ROUTE TO THE RACECOURSE: This custom takes place in June each year in commemoration of the action fought against the English by a number of young men of Hawick, who surprised the Redcoats at Hornshole, a spot on the Teviot two miles below the town, routed them and bore away their flag. The skirmish at Hornshole was regarded as a small measure of revenge for the disastrous defeat of Flodden in the previous year—a defeat in which the fighting burghers of Hawick suffered as severely as any. Hawick lies ten miles to the south-west of Jedburgh, in Roxburghshire

THE CORNET RIDES BY: Mr. Robert Scott, who was nominated for the honour of leading the cavalcade which "rode the common" this year, galloping towards the winning-post on Hawick racecourse bearing a pennant emblazoned with the date 1514

JOHN PEEL, DESCENDANT OF THE ORIGINAL JOHN PEEL IMMORTALISED IN SONG, CLEANS THE LAMPS OF ONE OF LORD LONSDALE'S ORIGINAL CARRIAGES: He entered the service of the late Lord Lonsdale in 1901 as a groom and has served there ever since. His son, another John Peel, also works on the same estate. With the death of Lord Lonsdale three years ago, the contents of his home at Lowther Castle were put up for auction, and the sale will shortly be concluded. The original John Peel was a shepherd employed at Lowther, and many of his descendants have been connected with Lowther ever since. The breaking-up of Lowther Castle is for them a sad affair, their last link between them and Hugh Lowther, fifth Earl of Lonsdale

GOOD-BYE TO THE "WESTWARD": A crane unsteps the mainmast of the celebrated racing yacht which has now sailed her last race and is lying in Dartmouth Harbour. The *Westward* is shortly to be sunk in the sea over which she has ploughed many thousands of miles, this having been willed by the late owner, Mr. T. B. F. Davies, of Durham, South Africa, who wished the vessel to find a resting-place in Hurd Deep, off the Channel Islands, or at a point 20 miles south-south-west of Portland. The *Westward* was built in 1910 and participated in most of the pre-war West Country regattas, sailing on handicap terms, with such other celebrated craft as *Britannia*, *Lulworth*, *Shamrock*, and *White Heather*. The boat is now being stripped of all her fittings

FLOATING DOCK COMES TO THE END OF ITS 2,000-MILE VOYAGE: Ocean tugs accompanying one of the three Malta docks into the harbour at Plymouth. The other two docks, which made the voyage from the Mediterranean at the same time, have gone to berths at Chatham and the River Clyde

WHEN A DOCK DOCKS: Lieut. David Michael Nicholson (right), captain of the floating dock which last week completed the voyage from Malta to Plymouth, seen with Mr. J. E. Watt, the Dock Master. The journey of 2,000 miles to England was accomplished in fine weather, and four powerful tugs were engaged in the operation of towing three docks. The arrival of these docks in Britain follows the despatch of a new floating dock from India to Malta. The new dock was divided into two sections to make the passage of the Suez Canal, and the sections have now been united at Malta

UTERMAT OF A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA: Coxswain William Garner, at the wheel, is accompanied by Wallace Thomas and Terry Kift on leaving Cowes, Isle of Wight, in the temporary Mumbles lifeboat which is to take the place of the boat wrecked near Porthcawl earlier in the year. While at Cowes the three members of the crew saw their new lifeboat in the making. Their journey back to Mumbles in the temporary lifeboat occupied three days

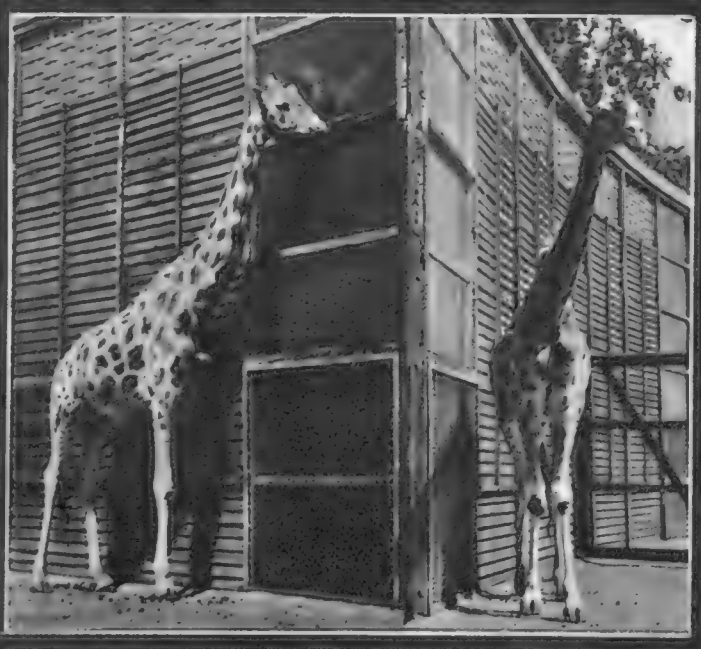
THE S.S. "ATLANTIS" REACHES SOUTHAMPTON, BRINGING STORIES OF SOUTH AFRICAN GOODWILL: On board the hospital ship were over 300 ex-Service-men who have been treated for tuberculosis at the Baragwanath Hospital, near Johannesburg. The hospital has now been handed back by the military authorities, and the patients have left South Africa with the utmost regret. Most of them have remarkable tales to tell of the unbounded generosity of the people of the Witwatersrand, many of whom adopted wards and made it their business to see to the welfare of the men. During the recent Royal tour of the Union the Queen paid a special visit to Baragwanath

WHILE BRICKS ARE STILL SCARCE THE BUILDER FINDS A WAY—THE NEW "ALCRETE" TWO-STOREY PREFABRICATED HOUSE: *Left*—Models under construction at the Bristol Aeroplane Company's factory at Banwell; and (*right*) the completed prototype. These houses are supposed to be of a more permanent nature than most of the prefabricated dwellings now being put up in Britain. The "Alcrete" is semi-detached and has a living-room, dining-room, kitchen and hall downstairs, and three bedrooms and a bathroom upstairs. It will be produced in five factories which are at present producing temporary aluminium bungalows. The spacious windows are a particularly notable feature. Another and rather similar type of house which is also giving new impetus to the housing drive is a two-storey steel dwelling with an aluminium or asbestos roof. This has a steel-clad top storey with mesh and cement-rendered bottom walls

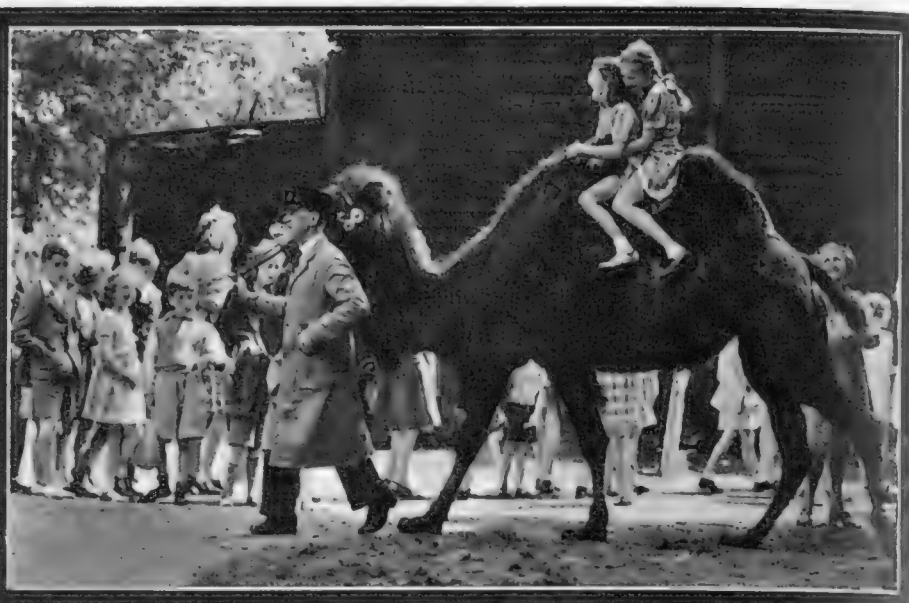
IN THE SUN AT WHIPSNADE

JUMBO EARNS HIS KEEP: At holiday-time Dixie and Perry, the two elephants, are kept hard at it providing rides for the children. At Whitsun Whipsnade was particularly popular, drawing nearly 25,000 visitors

THE OSTRICH DELIGHTS IN WHIPSNADE'S WIDE OPEN SPACES: Browsing amid the broad expanse of Spicer's Field, he enjoys a freedom which no other zoo in Britain can offer



ALWAYS A BIG ATTRACTION: The Giraffe House at Whipsnade is pleasantly cool even in the midst of a summer heat-wave. This pair seem to be quite the most contented of all the open-air zoo's inhabitants



"THE SHIP OF THE DESERT" PROVIDES AN ALTERNATIVE ATTRACTION: Some of the children prefer the camel to the elephant, and for 3d. they can ride through the wooded walks

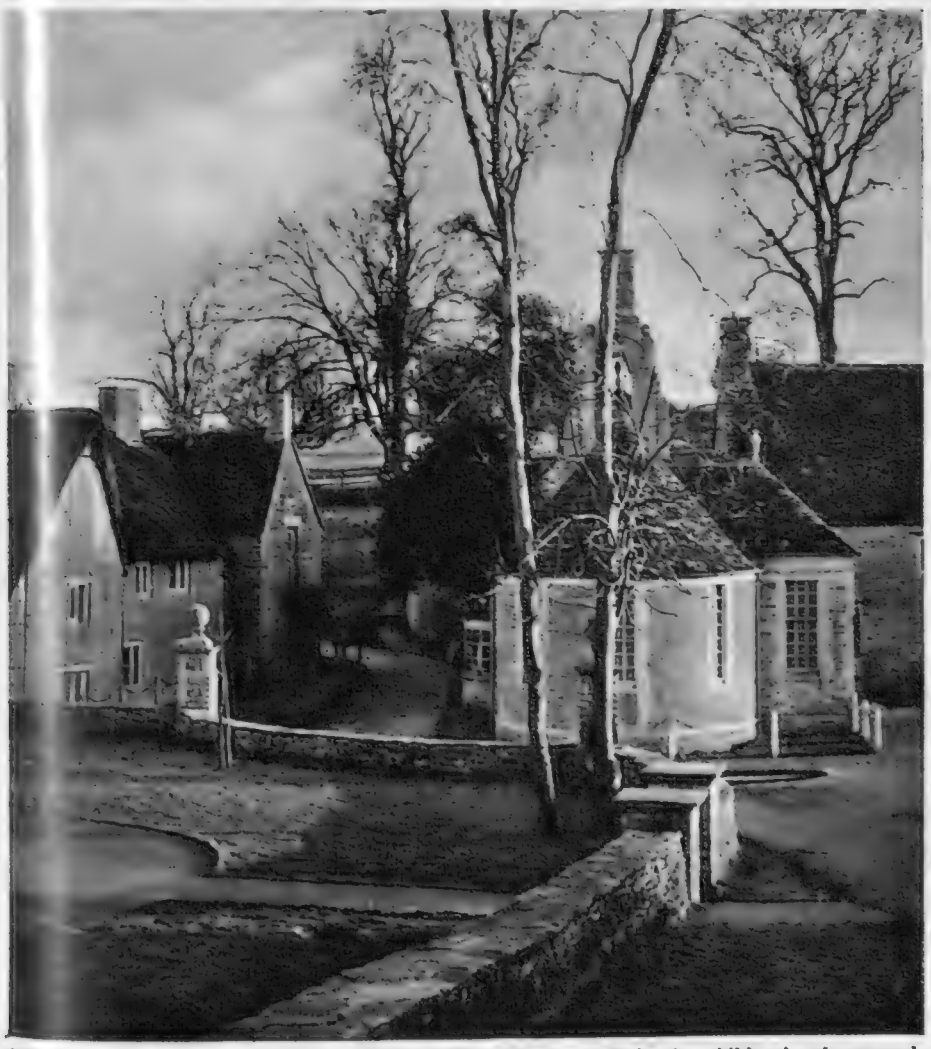
THE FLAMINGOES BASK IN THE SUMMER SUN: Some fine specimens seen beside their lake. The way in which the bird population of Whipsnade has multiplied has been truly remarkable

BABY BEARS ENJOY A FROLIC IN THE POOL: They were born at Whipsnade in January 1947 and, having survived the bitter cold spell in February, they are now making great progress

Nobody to-day questions the success of the Zoological Society's Whipsnade Park venture—one of the most ambitious of its kind ever undertaken in the annals of zoo-keeping. In Whipsnade's early days some of the complaints regarding the paucity of animals to be seen were more or less justified. But to-day the visitor cannot walk a yard without seeing a wealth of diverse creatures. Some of the small deer, wallabies, and marmots have indeed increased beyond all counting. From the first, Whipsnade was designed to provide purity of air, width of range and Arcadian peace, which no skill could offer the wild animals in the narrow confines of Regent's Park. The results have been frankly astonishing. Whipsnade showed its popularity on the Whitsun Bank Holiday, when nearly 25,000 people paid to enter the Park

CORNWELL—A MODEL VILLAGE IN THE COTSWOLDS

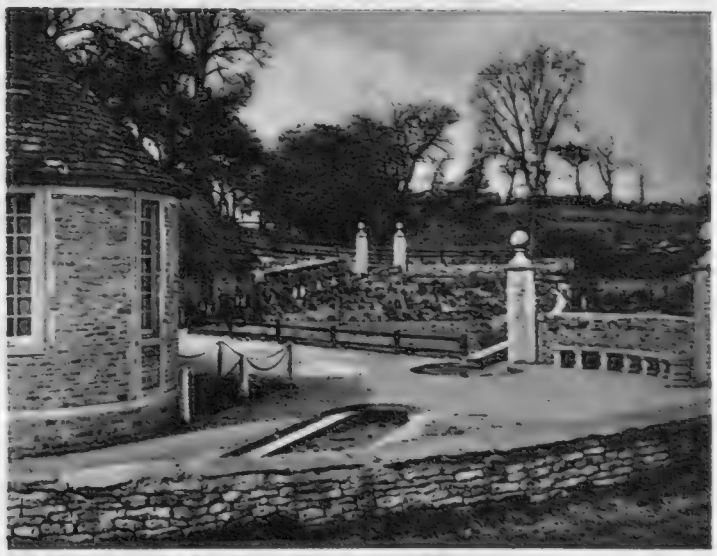
THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE MANOR-HOUSE: It is the home of Mrs. Anthony Gielson, who ordered its restoration, together with the seventeenth-century hamlet. To-day the village, with electricity, running water and main drainage, is a model of its kind



THE CENTRE OF COMMUNITY LIFE AT CORNWELL: On the left is the children's playground, in the centre is the bow-windowed village shop, and on the right can just be glimpsed the village hall. All rebuilding in Cornwell has been done in Cotswold stone

RECONDITIONED COTTAGES AT CORNWELL: This seventeenth-century hamlet near Chasleton, between Stow-on-the-Wold and Chipping Norton, has been restored by Mr. Clough Williams Ellis, F.R.I.B.A., the architect so well known for his work at Portmeirion

THE VILLAGE SHOP: With its bow-fronted window and long, sloping roof, it is a picturesque feature of Cornwell. In all its details the village is typically Cotswold in character



CORNWELL'S BROOK HAS BEEN CANALISED: At this point it runs past the village hall and it is carried beneath the pathway

In these days, when we hear much news of whole villages up for sale because their owners cannot bear the burden of taxation, it is good to look upon the reverse side of the picture. Cornwell, near Chasleton, in the Cotswolds, provides a case in point, and those who have visited this charming village are full of praise for the way in which the lady of the manor—Mrs. Anthony Gielson—and the architect, Mr. Clough Williams Ellis, have restored the great house and the hamlet. Mr. Clough Williams Ellis has not attempted anything in the manner of Portmeirion, his very lovely but rather exotic Welsh holiday village, but has made his ideas blend with the Cotswold scene to create an admirable harmony. The cottages of Cornwell have been thoroughly modernised, with electricity, running water and other amenities provided. There can, indeed, be few such modern hamlets in England, and it is little wonder that it has become a show-place, attracting visitors from far and wide

KING COTTON IN THE POST-WAR WORLD

The Present Position of Lancashire's Great Industry

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE remarkable drop in available woman-power during the next five years, as officially estimated last week by the Ministry of Labour, is of great concern to all industry and, in particular, to the Lancashire cotton industry, where the bulk of the labour is female. The cotton industry is already short, officially, of 120,000 workers just at the moment when it could be taking full advantage of the sellers' market. With the exception, however, of a few dribs and drabs of export, the spinners and manufacturers have to confine themselves exclusively to the home market in order that the Government clothing coupon scheme can be honoured. The now inevitable drop in woman-power over the next five years makes it all the more necessary for the employers to buy the latest labour-saving machinery and to re-deploy their existing work-people. Not only that, they will be compelled to publicise the fact that conditions are more attractive than they are thought to be, in order to persuade young people to enter the cotton industry, in spite of its ancient reputation for being tough and under-paid.

I have just returned from an exhaustive tour of the mills belonging to the Fine Spinners and Doublers, and found that many of my theories about the cotton industry were based on pure fallacy. As a result of my investigations, I would suggest that the industry should immediately scrap the word "mill." It is a complete anachronism dating back to the early eighteenth century when water-power had to be used for turning the spindles. The word "mill" in Lancashire is an inevitable reminder of such phrases as "the treadmill"; "being put through the mill"; "millstones"; and, most of all, that stanza by William Blake which ends with the rhetorical question:

"And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills?"

Mills are no longer dark. On the contrary, they are nearly all of them so light and airy that I, personally, found the blazing sunshine coming through the glass roof quite enough for me.

Fifty years ago the process of gassing, which involves the burning away of surface fibres from the yarn by gas flame, was a most unpleasant business; and every hour or so the workers used to come out into the fresh air before returning to the operation. In those old days the spinners at Bollington would "clout the earhole" of their "scavengers" (a word which has already gone) if they did not bring them a jug of water within fifty-one seconds—although this meant running from the fourth floor of the mill into the yard and back again. Such a thing could not possibly happen to-day.

As for wages, the Working Party's report shows that they have increased by well over 100 per cent. since 1939, and the majority of the mills, if only as a result of the war, have been equipped with canteens, which is the first start to a wholesale development of welfare work for the employees.

But to revert to the word "mill." Except among the old craftsmen, who are suitably proud of their craft, working in a mill—in fact, to be a mill girl—is regarded as definitely lower in the social scale than being a factory girl or a shop girl. This is most unfair to-day, but the fact remains that many a parent does not like the idea of his children going into a mill. If the word was changed simply to "works," as Alfred Roberts, secretary of the Amalgamated Association of Blowing and Ring Room Operatives, suggested to me; or, better still, to "spinnery" or "weavery," the ancient prejudice would soon go, particularly in view of the utterly changed conditions of work to-day.

Alfred Roberts, who, like Andrew Naesmith—secretary of the Amalgamated Weavers' Association—is the finest type of trades unionist and craftsman, suggested to me that the word "operative" has also a bad connotation, and should be altered, perhaps, to the good old Anglo-Saxon word "worker."

People living in the south of England who have no association with the cotton industry do not realise that the word "doffer" (the employee who removes the bobbins from the spindle) has unhappy memories; so much so, that some of the more enlightened spinnery and weavery owners have changed it to "ring assistant."

JAPANESE SILK IN A LANCASHIRE MILL: Hank-winding on to bobbins in progress—an example of the expanding activities of the Lancashire spinners. Arrangements are now being made for large-scale importations of Japanese silk. It will probably have to be paid for out of Britain's stock of dollars

The first step, therefore, towards securing new recruits is, in my opinion, to abolish the word "mill" among other now archaic terms, such as "shed" for a huge, modern weavery. After that, there is the twofold job of securing new machinery and using existing labour more economically.

Having profited from the lesson after World War I, when for two or three years in the frenzied boom of 1919 and 1920 the cotton industry firms paid as much as 40 per cent. dividends instead of ploughing back their profits into the business, the leaders of the cotton industry to-day are all re-equipping themselves as fast as possible with the latest and best machinery. They are also applying time and motion study to the craft.

SPINNING SEA ISLAND COTTON YARN: These spinning-mules have 1,000 spindles each, and it is on such machines that the very finest counts are spun. For these counts—that is, up to 300's and finer—the cotton must be Sea Island and the spinning-frame must be the mule. A count is the number of hanks, each of 840 yards, for 1 lb. of wool

The first pioneering effort in this direction has already been made, and has proved to the Trade Union leaders and to the workers themselves that time and motion study not only increases production, but also increases the wage packet of the worker while it decreases his, or her, physical movement. This may sound impossible, but once you have been through the spinnery or weavery, you will realise immediately that the better the worker the less work he or she has to do. The paradox is due to the fact that throughout the dozens of operations of turning a bale of cotton into a piece of cloth, the primary job of the worker is to see that the material, whether sliver, roving or yarn, does not break and is wound and spun evenly.

On the face of it, it might be thought that the mechanisation of the cotton industry, the first industry ever to be mechanised, would kill craftsmanship; and, indeed, the spinners and weavers and other workers appear at first sight to be mere machine minders. But this is far from being the case. In fact, a complete book could be written on the craftsmanship, the inherited lore, the seventh sense and the anticipation of breaks in the roving and yarn which make the Lancashire cotton workers so much the best in the world.

At one spinnery which I visited they produce a yarn so fine that a pound of it would measure 150 miles when stretched out. This is known as a 300 count. A count is the number of hanks, each of 840 yards, for 1 lb. of yarn. The lower the number, therefore, the thicker the thread. The craftsmanship necessary to produce a 300 count is of the very highest order. Not only that, the handful of men who can do it insist on working in a temperature of over 90 degs., so as to cause as few breaks in the yarn as possible. It is this high temperature, on which the workers themselves insist, that makes it primarily undesirable for women with their delicate fingers to become mule spinners. There are a few women mule spinners, but they are very much the exception to the rule.

Weaving is a different matter, and so is doubling, which involves the twisting together of two separate strands in order to make one yarn. In these processes, as in ring spinning, women predominate.

The raising of the school-leaving age from fourteen to fifteen is a further raid on the industry's labour force, for one needs to start young to learn the art of both weaving and spinning; and boys and girls when leaving school normally become apprentices at the age of fourteen.

Some of the more progressive proprietors have their own research stations, where they are continually experimenting with modifications in the machinery and with efforts to produce good yarn with fewer processes, thus saving labour. In addition to these individual efforts, the industry, as a whole, finances its own Research Association—the famous Shirley Institute—which is continually on the job of seeking to simplify and abbreviate the various processes through which cotton is put. For, though the cotton industry is one of the oldest in the country, there is still a tremendous field open to research, a field which is being enlarged each year by the perfection of new man-made fibres. It is true that spinning machinery reached a point of perfection forty years ago which can scarcely be bettered even to-day, but winding machinery can be, and is being, improved very considerably.

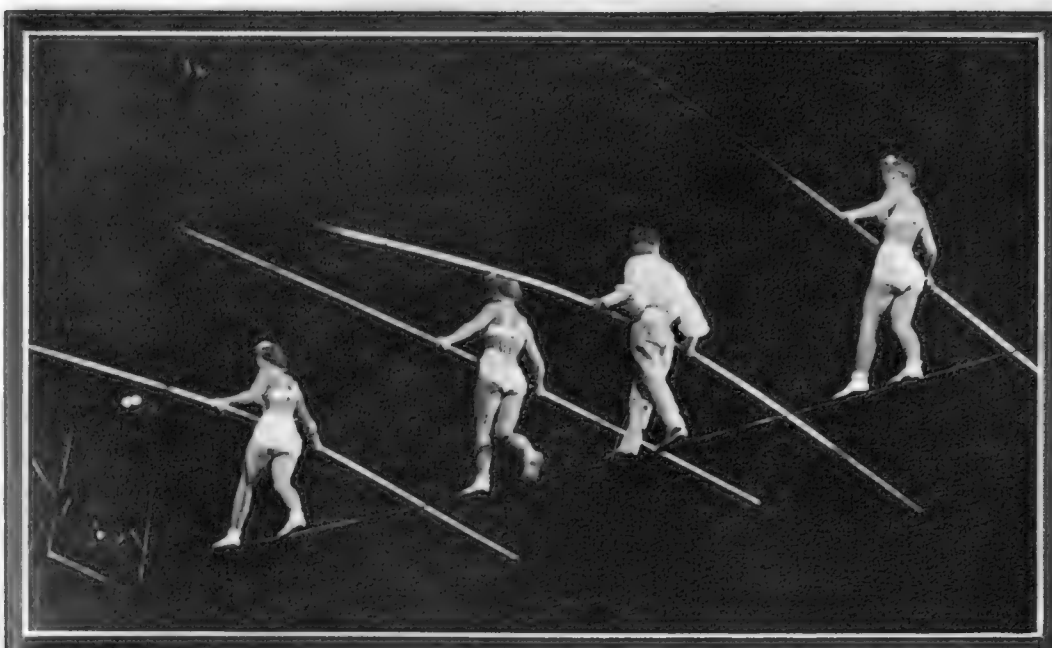
The time will come, of course, when the Government control of the industry will be raised and the Lancashire cotton industry can once again enter the markets of the world, all of which are crying aloud for their goods. It is to be hoped that this permission to export once again in bulk will not be withheld too long. Sheer necessity will soon drive countries which previously imported Lancashire cotton goods to start their own cotton-spinning industries.

Naturally, the Government wants to make sure that the British public should be properly clothed before it raises the ban on the bulk of the exports, but it is going to need very delicate timing to select the exact moment when a further delay in the export of English cotton goods would appreciably imperil their former deserved hold on the world's markets.

P.S.—The industry is really fortunate in having as Chairman of the Cotton Board Sir Raymond Streat, who is so ably guarding its interests and making every effort to brighten its future, particularly through the medium of the Colour, Design and Style Centre optimistically established in Manchester during the worst period of the war.

Sir Raymond is a product of Lancashire and yet a real diplomat, with a very quick wit, a ready pen, and an encyclopædic knowledge of the English language

TESTING THE YARN FOR TWIST: An example of the highly elaborate equipment used at the Research Station of the Fine Spinners' Association. The station is situated at Bollington, Cheshire



ENGLISH TRAPEZE ARTISTES OVER MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ARENA, NEW YORK: The Great Alzanas—Minnie, Elsie, Harold and Hilda Davis, from Sheffield—performing on the high wire. Harold Davis was taught as a child by his father, Charles Davis, who has now retired from trapeze work and checks the rigging for the troupe. Minnie, wife of Harold, started her circus career after her marriage; the other two girls—Elsie, aged twenty-three, and Hilda, aged eighteen—are sisters of Harold. This amazing family was performing in the Blackpool Tower Circus, last year, when an agent from Ringling Bros. spotted them and signed them up for the famous circus. The high spot of the act comes when Harold, shod only in ballet slippers and carrying no balancing-pole, runs to the centre of the taut wire and skips. The Great Alzanas have been hailed as one of the most astonishing aerial acts of all time

THEATRE NEWS FROM LONDON AND NEW YORK

A KNIGHTHOOD FOR LAURENCE OLIVIER: A new picture of the distinguished actor, with his wife, Vivien Leigh. The Birthday Honours List includes the name of Laurence Olivier "for services to the stage and to films." Laurence Olivier's brilliant work at the New Theatre this season has had its counterpart in New York, where his film, *Henry V*, has had an outstanding success

ANNIE GETS HER GUN: Dolores Gray puts in a little practice before the first night. She said, "I'd like to look as though I knew what a gun is used for"

THE FIRST NIGHT OF "ANNIE GET YOUR GUN" AT THE COLISEUM: Bill Johnson and Dolores Gray, stars of the new American musical comedy, received a great ovation. This latest import from America looks like being as great a success as *Oklahoma*. Less ambitious in some ways, it has more humour and all the speed and polish that have made the other show a smash-hit. The words and lyrics are by Irving Berlin

AMATEUR BUSKERS ENTERTAIN A QUEUE: Two young art students outside the New Theatre at one o'clock in the morning. Elizabeth Hawley and Francesca Horton were among the fifty queuers for the last performance of *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Sir Ralph Richardson played Cyrano in this version, which has been a notable success and played to packed houses. The Old Vic's productions are among the few serious plays to survive the slump

RECEPTION FOR THE CAST OF "THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE": Audrey Christie with her husband, Donald Briggs, and the author, John Van Druten. The play, which has made £1,000,000 in America, comes to London early next month, after production in Manchester and Glasgow

THE STAR OF JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S NEW PLAY: Margaret Sullavan at the Savoy. The play, which has earned enormous profits for stage and film rights, has only three characters

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE B.B.C.'s CASE FOR THE DEFENCE

How It Fought and Won the Battle of Words in Europe's Second World War

THE B.B.C., even with the addition of the distinguished Third Programme, is a popular Aunt Sally for near-wits and carpers in general, but the whole of the case for the defence lies, possibly quite unintentionally, in one volume. VOICES FROM BRITAIN (Allen and Unwin. 18s.) is a *necessary* book. It is not the kind of book which you will want to borrow from a friend, because you won't want to return it. It is a book to buy, if you can, and keep, because it will always be a source of reference, and more than that, a source of inspiration.

This book has been compiled and edited by Mr. Henning Krabbe, who was Danish announcer for the B.B.C. during the war, and it is, quite briefly, this: the development and course of that war described through the medium of the spoken word over the air. The editor's interpolations are concise and only made for the purpose of giving continuity to the speeches and recitals that, in themselves, tell the story of the war. This is, in fact, broadcast history.

It opens, and I think this most clearly shows the quality of the editor, with Neville Chamberlain's "Munich" speech, which contained perhaps the classic comment on Hitler's Czech activities—"I must say that I find this attitude unreasonable," and it closes with the King's victory speech in 1945—"The war is over. You know, I think, that those four words have for the Queen and myself the same significance, simple yet immense, that they have for you."

In between that alpha and omega are speeches by Churchill (some of his greatest), by Bevin, by Eisenhower and de Gaulle, and by the greatly loved President, Franklin Roosevelt. There are two of J. B. Priestley's unforgettable "postscripts"; American Ed Murrow, who was here throughout the war, and proved a real friend to this country, on his visit to Buchenwald as it was freed; the original broadcast that started the heartening campaign of the V sign in occupied Europe; Stalin on the invasion of Normandy—"an achievement of the highest order"; U.S.N. Admiral Stark on the Nelson spirit, and, almost more moving than all these, the eye-witness accounts, often by anonymous men and women, of the war in action and in progress.

The B.B.C. wasn't responsible for these people, but its own way of fighting the war was to inspirit and encourage by bringing the voices and the gallantry of these people directly into every house and hut that had the means of hearing them.

It is not often that one feels the urge—or has the space—to quote largely from the works of a contemporary novelist, but in the case of Miss Pamela Hansford-Johnson and her brilliant new book, I feel that nothing else will serve as well. The novel is AN AVENUE OF STONE (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.), and the theme is the latter years of a woman who has lived fully and sometimes uproariously, and who regrets every hour of her dimming vitality.

"Those who live their lives quietly, unmoved either by great sorrow or by great joy, are often in their final years granted the dispensation of Discovery. Now, for the first time, they find out the secondary roads of the imagination. . . . But those who have lived richly, exhaustively, staring into every face, attentive to every voice, are only too often pursued by the spinster Furies, and are driven at the end down avenues of stone where the walls reach to the sky, and the doors are sealed, and the pavements are rubbered against all sound but the beat of the hurrying heart. . . ."

Miss Hansford-Johnson's novel has superb quality, great wit, and merciless observation, but all this one expects from a writer who, in the past two or three years, has reached what I must earnestly call her eminence in English letters. She is a born writer, and she excels at her profession.

Mr. Edward Holstius is a novelist who has progressively grown in stature, from what I hope he will forgive me for calling the lightweight class, to a writer for serious consideration. His new novel, ANGEL'S FLIGHT (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), has a good and absorbing story, which is always an advantage, but it is also a survey of two sections of society through a testing period.

Those sections are the ruthless side of financial "pioneering," in this case American, and the London life of the well-to-do and the well-placed. In the 1930's, of which Mr. Holstius writes, these two spheres intersected very little, but enough for the purposes of a good story-teller, who might thereby outline the romantic and forceful life of an Irish-Australian-American millionaire, confronted for the first time, and simultaneously, by love and culture.

As I say, this is a serious book, and if the terms "millionaire" and "society" suggest a novelettish approach, that is the reviewer's rather than the author's fault.

There were three thrillers in my reading this week, and all, luckily, so different from each other in setting and style that there was no suspicion of monotony. Suspicion of every other kind of crime was, naturally, endemic to the type.

First of all, a book whose wrapper combines stateliness with a certain originality: COMMON SENSE IS ALL YOU NEED (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.). In this Mr. J. J. Connington deals in a masterful way with the incidence of violent death among paper-salvage collectors. His writing is on the sturdy, provincial side, but there are no loopholes in his construction or in his startling solution.

Mr. Peter Lunn whisks the reader to a milieu which he, and possibly the reader, too, knows intimately: the Swiss resort where ski-ing takes the first place of importance, and from which such mild sports as bridge and curling are resolutely banished. EVIL IN HIGH PLACES (Methuen. 9s. 6d.) has authentic moments of horror, excellent descriptions of high-speed ski-ing, and suspects of equally sinister design.

It is no adverse criticism, only nostalgia, when I say that I will remember the book for its descriptions of fast downhill running and traverses. The characters, too, are worthy of their own appreciation, and there is at least one who is easily recognisable as a type we have all met too often. Of the three stories under review, this is easily the most thrilling and, in its genre, the most horrifying, and that should be a strong recommendation.

TIGHT ROPE (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is different, because it is set in California, which often seems to me the most American, or, anyway, the least European of all the forty-eight states. Miss Allison L. Burks loses nothing of her effectiveness because she gives the details of what her pretty women, suspects and criminals alike, wear to each meal, or by the mouth-watering particulars of the meals, chilled fruit-juice, kidneys and bacon, and so on.

HONOURING THE SAGE OF IDBURY: Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott, founder and editor of "The Countryman," who has now retired, cutting the cake at the luncheon given in his honour in the "Punch" room at 10, Bouverie Street, by the proprietors of "The Countryman." Many well-known figures in public life attended the luncheon. On Mr. Scott's right hand is the Prime Minister; on his left is Mr. Peter G. Agnew, the new managing director of "The Countryman"; and standing behind him is Sir Stafford Cripps. On the extreme left is the Countess of Albemarle. In the King's Birthday Honours Mr. Scott was made a Companion of Honour

A GUIDE TO GOTHIC

And Other New Books Briefly Reviewed

It would be churlish to condemn a work of genuine scholarship simply on the ground of an occasional flat-footed assertion of what others may deem to be disputable fact, but in his GOTHIC ENGLAND (Batsford. 21s.) John Harvey would have been wiser not to promenade such obviously controversial statements as "Chaucer, essentially greater as a poet than Shakespeare," and "Dunstable, a more outstanding composer than Byrd." Such comparisons are wholly without profit, but, even so, few will disagree with the author's general contention that the glories of Gothic England have been sadly and unjustifiably overshadowed by those of the Elizabethan Age. This book in large measure makes straight the record, and as a survey of every phase of our national culture from 1300 to 1550 it is masterly, showing how the mature Gothic style, as opposed to later importations which were naturalised, grew internally in organic continuity with the past. "How many of those who pay their lip-service to Chaucer and Malory realise that the nave of Canterbury is the counterpart and contemporary of the Tales," writes Mr. Harvey, "or that the *Morte d'Arthur* was written just in time to be read by Edward IV in his new hall at Eltham, and to spur him on to the refounding of St. George's Chapel? English art is a unity transcending the sum of its parts, and we have to look at architecture and painting and the dainty products of craftsmanship to understand the magnificent world in which Chaucer moved and the sunset splendour of Malory's tragic prose." These things the author helps us to appreciate, and, at the same time, he does much to dispel the supposed anonymity of Gothic art by telling us the names of the men responsible for all the major developments in that fruitful period. Mr. Harvey assists in dispelling, indeed, "the gigantic shadow" which the Elizabethans threw back upon all that went before them, and to which Chesterton, that lover of medieval England, so often and so feelingly referred.

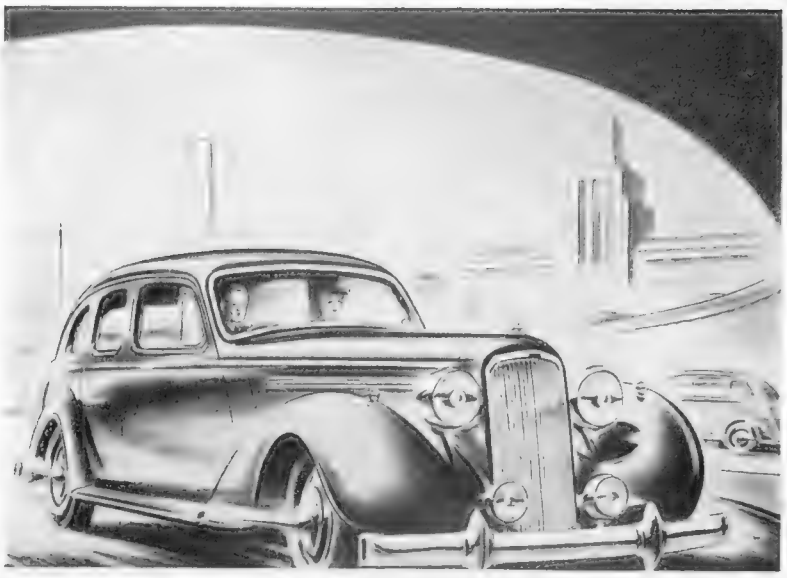
William Cobbett, who wrote by impulse, praised warmly, abused savagely, and generally laid about him with a will, loved the English countryside with a passionate affection. As a result, his *Rural Rides* are delightful for their pictures as well as entertaining for their reflections. In somewhat the same vein A. F. Tschiffely, hero of a ride from South America to North America, has written BRIDLE PATHS (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), the story of a ride through rural England from the New Forest, through the Midland hop country, over the Cumberland Fells to the Lowlands of Scotland. It is an unpretentious little book, with no attempt at fine writing, but it is simple, readable and forthright, and in its affection for England has the true Cobbett touch.

Manet must be ranked as one of the most important figures in modern art, possessing, as he did, an uncommon mastery of technique and an ability to overthrow the conventions. During the last years of his life the artist began to use coloured chalks, and this brilliant closing phase of his once controversial career is commemorated in EDOUARD MANET PASTELS (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.), by John Rewald. Of the forty-five illustrations only one is coloured, and, as a result, far too much is left to the reader's imagination.

The Stock Exchange has often been likened to a glorified Casino, and in its relationship to some of the more speculative shares the element of gambling is plain for all to see. In the framework of Britain's present economy, however, this institution has its place, and in THE STOCK EXCHANGE (George Allen and Unwin. 5s.) W. T. C. King endeavours to justify its activities. Mr. King explains the functioning of the Exchange with clarity and simplicity, almost too much simplicity, but he does leave the reader with the clear-cut impression that, like Cæsar's wife, the Council of the Stock Exchange is above suspicion. Having in mind the St. Helena *affaire* of 1946, however, a débâcle in which the public came off so badly and certain City men were suspended, one's natural inclination is to probe deeper into these mysteries. Mr. King, in his modest eighty-two pages, only touches upon the surface.

Two technical books of special interest, which have both been brought up-to-date, are SATURDAY IN MY GARDEN (Macdonald. 10s. 6d.), by F. Hadfield Farthing, which has been revised by A. Cecil Bartlett, and STABLE MANAGEMENT AND EXERCISE, by Captain M. Horace Hayes (Hurst and Blackett. 25s.). The former is in its third edition and the latter is in its fifth edition.

WILLANE'S WIZARDRY (Academy of Recorded Crafts. 2s. 6d.) is a miscellany of magic stunts, tricks and catches. The great Willane, a member, we are told, of the Inner Magic Circle, shows us how to cut a pencil in two with a pound note, how to employ soap to give the illusion of cracking a mirror, and how to set light to a lump of sugar. Even more mysterious is Willane's plan for raising the dead. A "dead" fly which has fallen into your glass of beer, he declares, can sometimes be "restored to life" when sprinkled with warm ash from a cigarette. So now we know!



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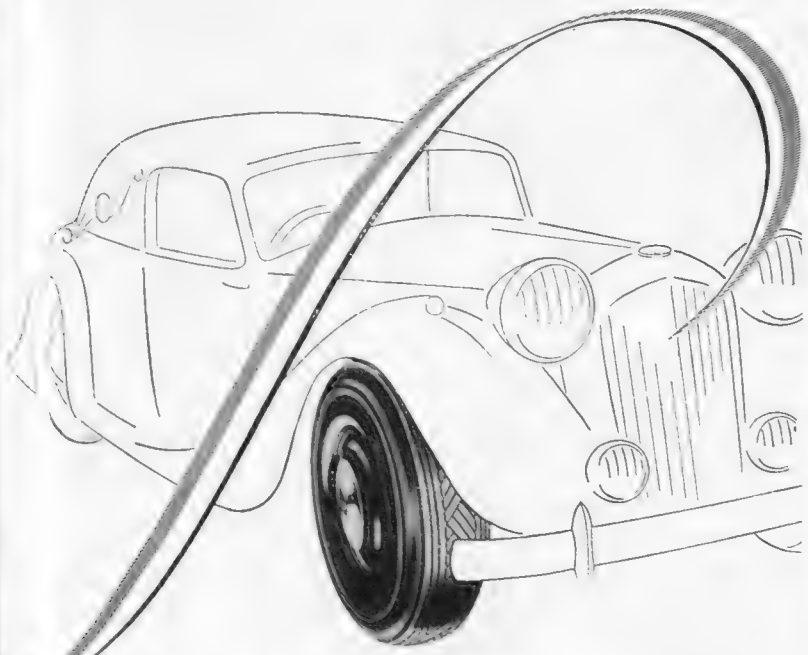

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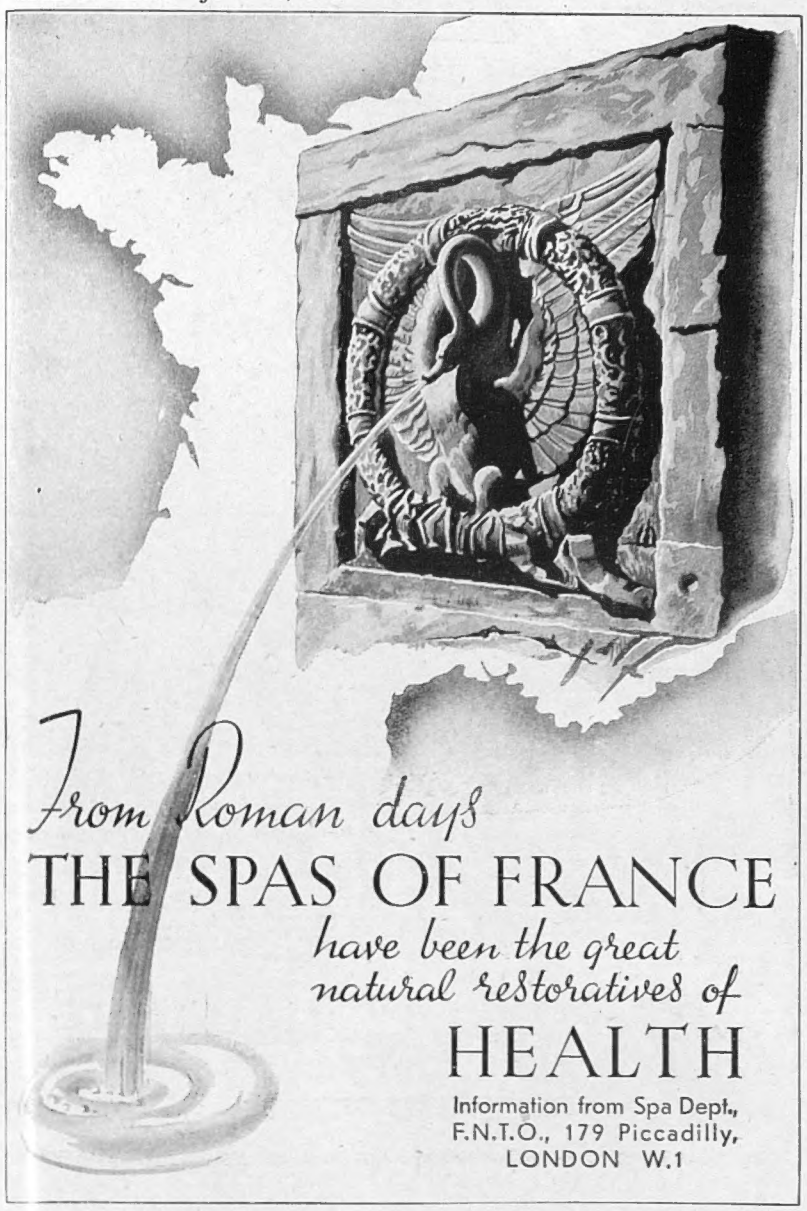

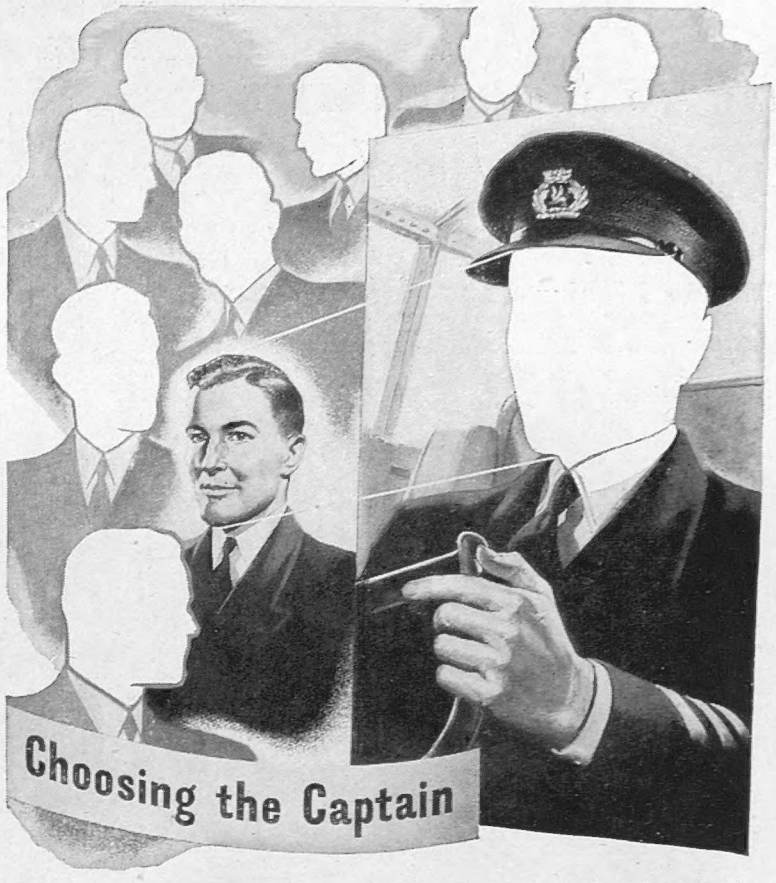

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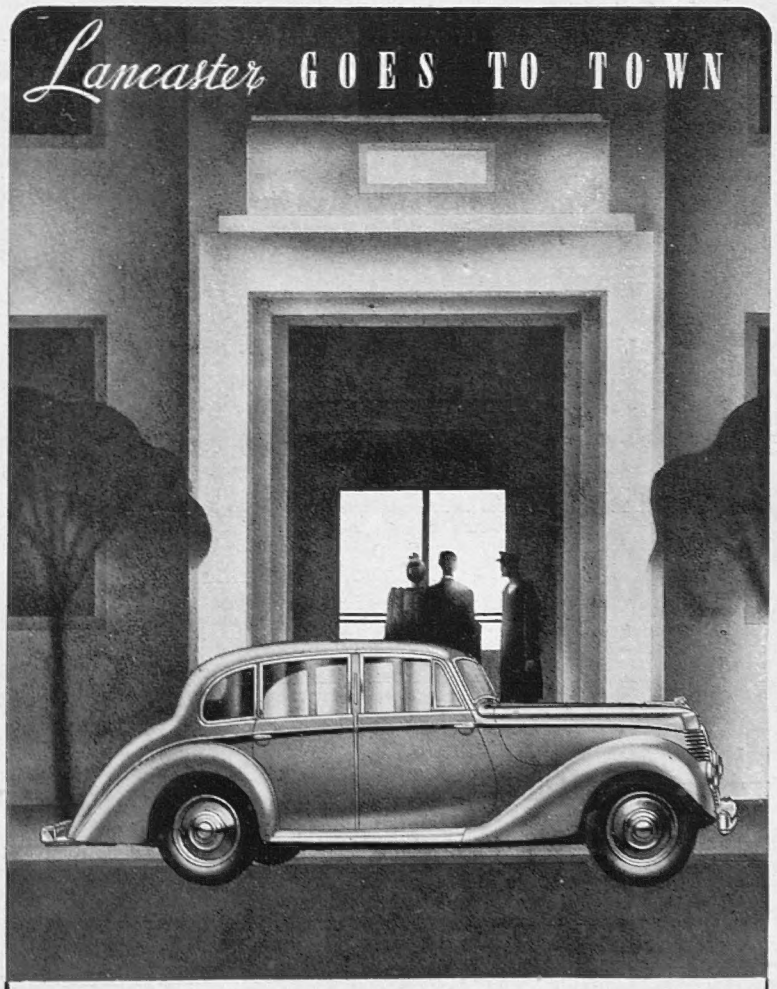

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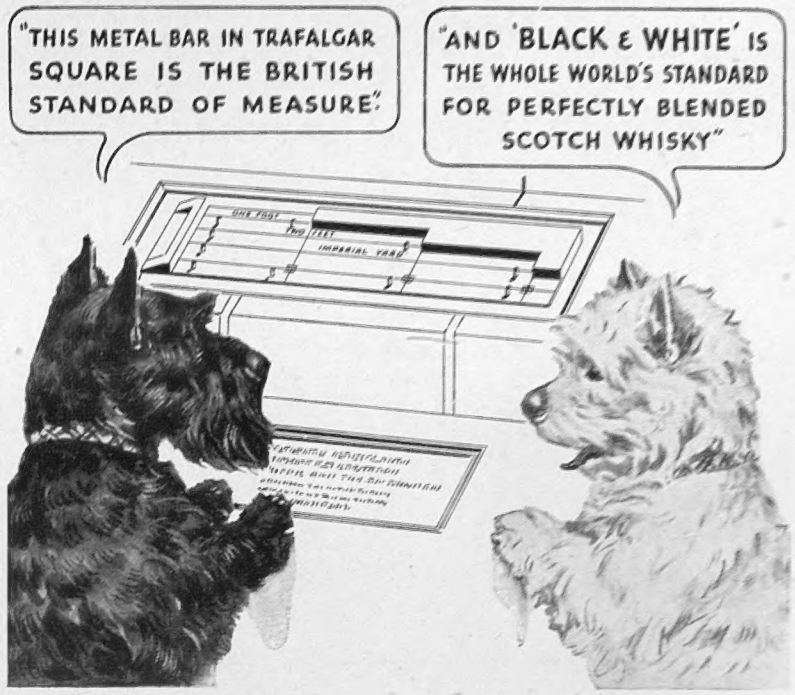

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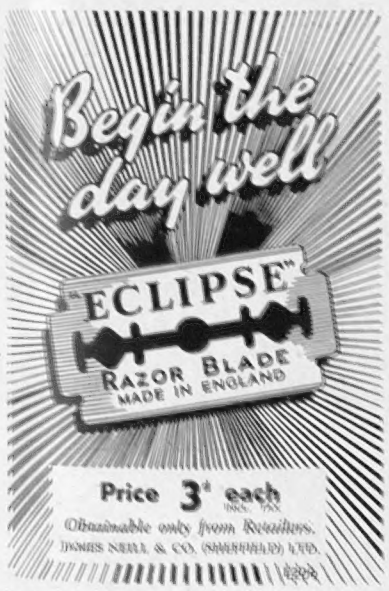

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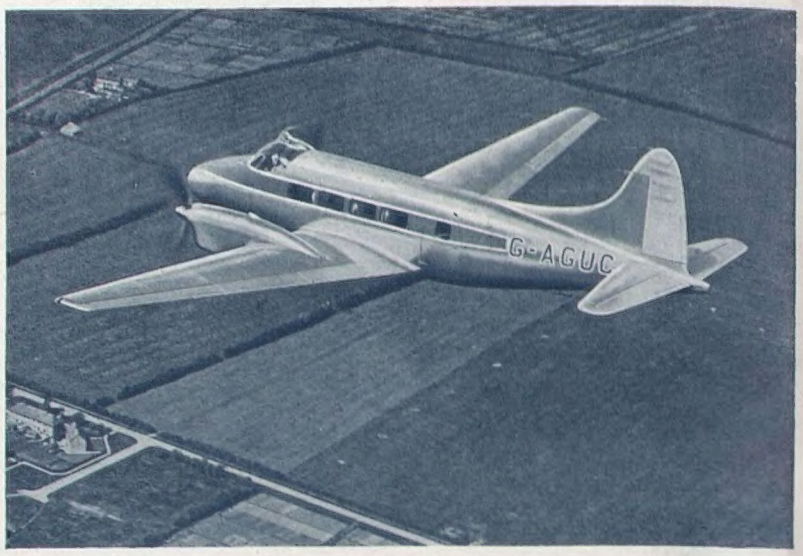

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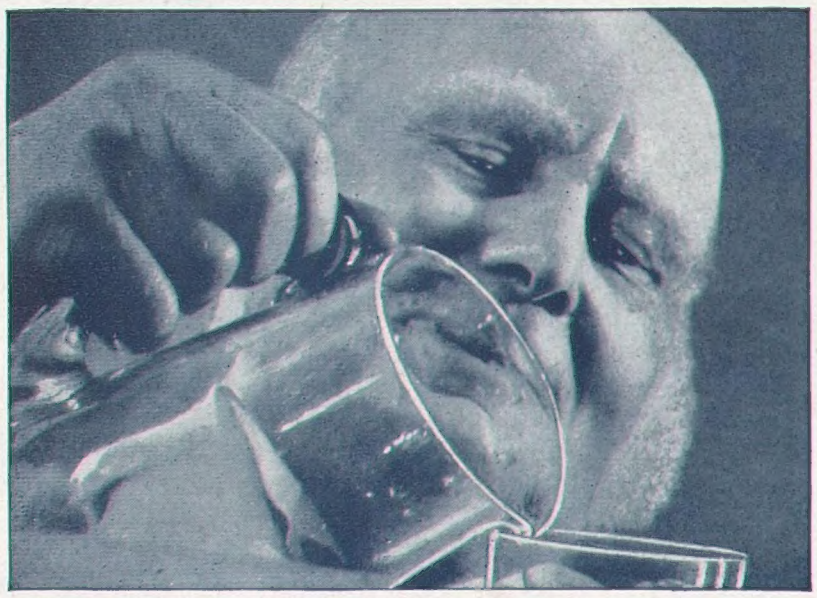

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CVS-107

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